

WAKE UP ALONE
AND LIKE IT!



WAKE UP ALONE *and* LIKE IT!

A HANDBOOK FOR THOSE
WITH COLD FEET

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TO ME

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INTRODUCTION

Things seemed to happen one after another. I was lonesome or at least I thought that I was (I never could feel quite sure what I was in those blank days before the new vision came to me from the Well Springs of my being) and there was something the matter with me, too. The first doctor I saw couldn't seem to be sure about it. Sometimes he thought that a bland diet would help me and other times he decided that I must be psycho-analyzed. I went from one doctor to another and heard as many diagnoses as I saw doctors—from osteo-myelitis to common scurvy.

Most of the doctors that I saw (and I was specializing in doctors that year, having exhausted most of the other professions) were middle-aged or older and so one day, when I went into Dr. Smythe's office, I was pleased when I saw a young man who was quite handsome talking to Dr. Smythe. I was still more pleased when the young man asked me to have

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lunch with him. So that was twice in one day that I was pleased, which is a pretty good record for a gal who is a perfect 30 and whose face isn't much either. We went out to lunch together and then before we knew it, it was the cocktail hour. Meanwhile I learned that he was an interne at the Presbyterian Hospital and that he was doing quite well, thank you. After the sixth Martini, we both decided that he was the greatest doctor in the world and that all the rest of the doctors were a bunch of palookas. He listened with a very professional air while I told him all of my symptoms (and I found that I was telling him a great many things which the



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other doctors hadn't bothered to listen to). I told him about the treatment the other doctors had given me. Then he said that he wanted an opportunity to really examine me, so we went to his apartment and he examined me. First he took my pulse, in fact he apparently took it a great many times. And that was the day that I learned that one has pulses in other places besides the wrist. Young Dr. Halper took all of them. He didn't bother to ask my permission about anything. In fact if I were a punster I might say that he was a great little Halper himself. Then he told me to come back after a few days.

I didn't wait that long before I went back because, when I woke up the next morning thinking of Dr. Halper, I felt so queer and my pulses seemed to be doing such strange things that I thought I ought to ask his advice again, so I went to see him and let him take my pulses. Every day for some time, I did that.

And then a second great thing happened to me. I was still feeling lonesome because I lived all alone in a great big apartment in great big New York and I didn't like it. To be sure I had a husband and a cat and a parrot. But, if you

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had known Elmer, you would understand what I mean when I say that I was living alone. And he had poisoned the minds of the cat and the parrot in their infancies so that they both were constantly aloof with me. Their aloofness was obviously what a psychologist calls "over determined" so that they were no help to a lady at all any more than Elmer was. What with their aloofness and Elmer's elmeriness they had all given me the Will To Fail. I didn't know it then, of course, because that was before I had found the Well Springs of my Being and gained the new Vision. But that was what it was all right.

And then as I have said the second big thing happened to me. A girl I knew—a girl who had solved all of her own problems so that she was free now—lent me two little books. One was called *Wake Up and Live* and gave the formula for success. You can just see the clear light of success beckoning you and leading you on through the inspired words which are on every page, even though you don't know the meaning of some of the words. The title of the book made me think quite a lot even before I had read anything inside of it. It had never oc-

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curred to me before that I wasn't awake and living. But just as soon as I'd looked at the title I happened to look across the room to where Elmer was sitting in his socks reading an old copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* and then I knew that I was asleep and having a bad dream. So I read the book and found out all about the Will To Fail and all of the things to do about it and every time I looked at Elmer I knew that I'd have to do something. I knew that we couldn't go on like that.

The most valuable thing that I found in Dorothea Brande's Formula for Success was her Twelve Disciplines. There's a Discipline for every day in the week, and five left over, so that on those days which seem so long, which seem as though they would never end, you can use two or three extra ones, and start all over every time you use a new Discipline, as though it were a new day.

I think the most valuable of all is the Discipline which makes you say "yes" to everything. The first time I put this Discipline into practice was one of the biggest days in my life.

I had just got myself another book. I had always thought that I was a little neurotic and

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so, when I heard about a book called *Be Glad You're Neurotic* I bought it and read it. Page after page I read about symptoms which I felt all the time, and got more and more excited. When I got to page 47, and learned that almost no normal person was able to satisfy his instinctive need to reproduce himself in the ordinary and approved way, I sighed, thinking of Elmer, and decided that, after all, I was normal,¹ but when I got to page 140 and found out that being tired when your doctor says that you are physically all right (Dr. Halper was always so reassuring about me physically!) you are without any question neurotic, I shouted with gladness. I was so glad that I sat right down and wrote Dr. Louis Bisch a letter asking him how he had ever come to write a book about poor little me.

That same day, the day when I was practicing the Dorothea Brande Discipline of saying "yes" to everything, I checked up on my neuroticism through the test in Dr. Louis Bisch's book. It's a marvelous thing to do, a soul-searching experience which those who have been

¹ The truth is, of course, that you should be glad if your sex life is far from satisfactory. Dr. Bisch explains all that.

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through it will never forget. There are fifty questions in all, some of them double and triple questions. You put one or two check marks after them when the answer is "yes" and nothing if the answer is "no". Then you add up all the check marks, deduct the total from 100, and the result is your score. If it is 85 or more, you are normal (poor wretch!), but if it is below 70 you are hopelessly, gloriously neurotic and entitled to be a glad girl.

There are perfectly yummy questions, such as: "Are you 'HEART-HUNGRY' or do your SEX DESIRES TANTALIZE?" (When I came to that one I was so deeply moved that I found, later, that my subconscious had made me put nine check marks, each meaning yes, after it.) And when I read "Have you PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS that doctors claim are IMAGINARY?" I couldn't help remembering modestly how many of my physical symptoms Dr. Halper had claimed, and I was very glad indeed.

I went through the test with complete conscientiousness in a soul-searching manner and, since on that day I was practicing the Dorothea Brande "yes" Discipline, I of course checked

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every question "yes." Then I added up and subtracted and found that my score was minus 39! I was utterly, completely, magnificently neurotic! I was so glad that I threw the book spontaneously into the air, shouting my joy, and rushed out of the house to share my gladness with the world. I wanted to be in the great open spaces, so I got on top of a Fifth Avenue bus and rode up town, thinking of all of my desires, all of my hopes, and wondering whether I ought not to have more confidence.

Just as we passed the Metropolitan Museum a young man sat down by me.

"It's a nice day, isn't it?" he asked.

I remembered that I was practicing the "yes" Discipline and said, "yes."

The museum was fast receding behind us, but the young man looked back.

"Do you like to go to the Metropolitan Museum?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

He looked away over the far-flung spaces of Central Park, and then back to me.

"Are you interested in porcelains?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," I answered.

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"Would you like to come to my apartment and see mine?" he asked. "I really have some fine things."

I looked at his handsome features, bronzed by the Cape Cod sun, and at his fine strong arms, at his neck which was like that of a Greek marble, his Brooks Brothers suit, his fine tapering fingers, and agreed that he had some very fine things indeed.² Then I remembered my Discipline.

² "When an object presents qualities, on account of which we wish to obtain it, we feel *desire*. If we have reason to think it is within our reach, we experience *hope*; and the effect of this is to encourage us in our exertions. If we arrive at such conviction as leaves no doubt of the attainment, this is *confidence*. —John Abercrombie, *The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, p. 55.

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"Oh yes!" I cried, "I'd love to."

So I went to his apartment and looked at his porcelains and all afternoon and all evening and far into the night I said "yes" to everything he asked of me. And I was very glad and very grateful to Dorothea Brande and Dr. Louis Bisch.

When I finally got back to Elmer and the cat and the parrot, I lay in bed quite relaxed and passive, and thought of all the books I had read lately and decided that education, especially in psychology, was a wonderful thing. And I didn't at all mind when it suddenly occurred to me that my stupid memory had made me leave my umbrella in the young man's apartment along with his collection of porcelains.³

The following evening, after I had done the supper dishes I read *Live Alone and Like It* too and that made everything clear to me. I had only to do all of the things all these books told me to do, I had only to embark upon the delightful creative adventure of living these books in my own life to have everything in the world

³ Dr. Bisch says that means that I wanted to go back.

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make sense for me and reap the beautiful harvest of a full life.

I didn't act at once though. The books had uncovered for me the Well Springs of my Being. But I found as my new adventure went on that even deeper than the Well Springs of one's Being are the Well Springs of Action and it takes so much prospecting, so much day after day digging to uncover these and get things really started. The stimulation to action came about in a rather amusing way. I was still going to see Dr. Halper even though I didn't have a cold any more and he was still taking my pulses but he seemed to be doing it with less and less interest, more as one would do a routine job than as a doctor who really loved his work. When I told him about my inner problems, he seemed more and more to think them unimportant and without very much bearing on my particular case. And he didn't seem to be the least bit interested in porcelains. Finally one day, when I was talking to him about myself and my new adventure and the Well Springs of my Being, he sprang to his feet as though he had just made a great decision. He did it so quickly and

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with such emphasis that I almost fell to the floor.

"Listen Mavis," he said to me, "you are much too introspective. You cultivate yourself too much. Get out and around more. See lots of people. Get lots of fresh air. Do things. Be where things are happening and get lots of sleep."

Now a few months before I would have been terribly hurt by his words. I would have heard only the first two of them: "Get out." But now, with the Well Springs of my Being gushing forth the waters of life, with my new interest in porcelains, and all that, what those words did to me was to uncover the Well Springs of Action. And I left his apartment walking erect and proud knowing at last I was about to start out on my career as a reborn woman acting as though I Could Not Fail. I began to organize a system. You see I was learning to be efficient, to get as much into every hour and as much out of every situation and person that I met as possible. So I decided to organize my life in order to do all of the things Dr. Halper told me to do without letting one interfere with the other. "See lots of people," he had said, "get lots of

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fresh air, do things, be where things are happening, and get a lot of sleep." It sounds like a complicated program, doesn't it? But I made it very simple. I learned to sleep just anywhere, in or out of bed, while I went out to see a lot of people, get a lot of fresh air, do things, and be where things were happening so that I could sleep preferably in the fresh air with a lot of people where things were happening and not cultivate myself so much.

After that I found myself sleeping in the strangest places!

It all went beautifully until one morning when, to my surprise, I woke up to find myself right in the middle of Times Square. You see, acting as I was on a plan and carrying it out regardless of seeming deterrents, I had become accustomed to sleeping almost anywhere so long as I was out of doors and where there were lots of people and where things were happening. At first on that morning when I woke up in Times Square, when I saw the traffic dashing about me and heard the policeman's whistle so close to my ear, I was surprised and a little confused. Then I remembered that the night before, after coming from the theatre, I had found

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quite a lot of people and quite a lot of things happening on Times Square and had suddenly decided that this was the ideal place to sleep.

But then as I looked at them at ten o'clock in the morning, they all seemed to have such funny faces that I decided after all I didn't like people so very well and, regardless of Dr. Harper's advice, I was going to learn to wake up alone. I *knew* I'd like it. I *knew*, at last, that I Could Not Fail. Standing there on Times Square, I suddenly felt the Well Springs of Action bubbling so furiously in me that I knew I must do something at once.

I was waking up at last. But where and with whom? The whole world seemed to be rushing restlessly about me and I knew suddenly that I must arrange my life differently. And so with the knowledge fresh in me, I rushed off to the apartment where I found Elmer as usual sitting in his socks reading an old copy of *Harper's*.

"Hello, Girlie," he said as I came into the apartment.

"Elmer," I cried passionately, "if you call me Girlie again, I'll kill you."

"Why Girlie!" he said.

So I killed him.

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That night I went to bed feeling a sense of peace and security which I had not known for years. I slept like an innocent babe and in the morning knew the delectable experience of waking up alone. To be sure, Elmer's somewhat crumpled body still lay on the bedroom floor but even that could not spoil the perfect peace of my solitude. It would be nice to have it removed, but for the moment I could just pretend that it wasn't there.

"After all," I thought as I stepped over his limp legs on my way to the dresser, "the rubbish man comes on Wednesday and here it is Tuesday already."





CHAPTER I

WHY WAKE ON TIMES SQUARE?

NOW that I was well started on my new life, I found it helpful to go back to the books which had so inspired me. First I started again to read *Live Alone and Like It* but I found at once that it was going to be a little bit difficult to apply all of this advice to myself. I got stopped in the very first paragraph where I read something about "settling down to a solitary existence if only between husbands." I confess that I couldn't see how settling down between husbands would be anything like a solitary existence. More than once in my life I had tried to sleep three in a bed at summer



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camps and at girls' schools and I never did like it and if the other two members of the party were husbands the situation would be really too uncomfortable to contemplate.

So I put the book aside and began to wonder why it is that so many of us girls with the best intentions in the world to wake up alone, fail.¹ It was then that I discovered that all through those earlier years, the dark years of my life, the years before I had discovered myself, I had definitely, even though unconsciously, had the Will to Fail. It may seem absurd to you as you read this that anyone should actually want to fail but if you really understood psychology, or if you had, as I have, faced your naked self in solitude and seen the queer things that were revealed, you would understand that many of us really desire to fail. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

Let us assume that you are completely aware of the desirability of sleeping alone. And, even though you've not had this blessed experience yourself, you've read enough so that you know

¹ I have learned from Dorothea Brande's book that the reason we aren't successful is that we "pour energy into the wrong channels." I interpret that, in relation to the present problem, to mean that we get into the wrong beds.

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something of the luxury of being able to double your knees up until they touch your tummy without having anyone stir restlessly on the other side of the bed. You know that it is much nicer to wake up spontaneously when you're through sleeping than to be forcibly awakened at six o'clock by an addict to biology who wants to study the birds and the flowers while the grass is still dew-pearled, or by a poet who wishes to interpret the poetry of living to you, or by a philosopher intent upon the facts of life and eager to impart them.

Knowing these things, you have told yourself that you want to sleep alone, that you'll have none of the birds and flowers or the facts of life disturb your rest and you really believe that you mean it. But you don't really do anything about it.²

Then a friend comes in and suggests that you go out with him for a cocktail before dinner. It is an innocent enough suggestion. It obviously has nothing to do with your resolution or your stated plan that you are going to wake

² "Have you ever tried the Public Library?"—*Life Begins with Father*, p. 129.

Have you ever taken cold showers?—The Author.

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up peacefully without birds and flowers, the poetry or the facts of life. So you join him and you have a cocktail. After a little while the waiter brings you a dinner menu and you discover that it is 8:30. Wherever could the time have got to? Well, by the time you've eaten and had another drink or two, your friend suddenly remembers that he promised to go to a party and he asks you to go along. So, of course, you go. After that, nothing seems very clear. To be sure, about 12:30 you look at your watch and tell yourself that, if you are going to carry out your program, you really must be going but you don't do anything about it. By 3:30 in the morning nobody is doing very much about anything. You still feel that you ought to be going, but it seems so much pleasanter not to, so you just stay. The man who took you to the party is really very attractive. He dances divinely and even after he is too drunk to dance he lies beautifully so you just stay on because it is still the pleasantest thing to do. Finally your hostess, who is pretty sleepy herself by now, suggests that you all spend the night. There are twelve people there and only three beds so there is nothing that can be done about it except double

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up or I suppose you should call it quadruple up.³ In the morning you wake and look about you in disgust and wonder who all of these strange people are who are in bed with you. If you are a sensitive individual, you will probably feel as I did that morning long ago when I woke on Times Square.

Yet really you have no one but yourself to blame. Regardless of how it may have seemed to you that day, regardless of the complicated attempts you may have gone through afterwards to analyze the situation, you failed to wake up alone *because you wanted to fail*. It was all because you didn't follow your original plan. Contradict me as much as you like and I shall still insist that you went out with the attractive man to get a cocktail *because you wanted to go out with him*. You stayed on at the restaurant and let him buy food for you *because you wanted food*. You went to the party with him and got just a itsy-bitsy high *because you wanted to go to the party and get just a itsy-bitsy high*. The

³ "And so it comes to pass that eager eyes, dreaming of strange tumultuous delights, peer quizzically beyond the sacred bedroom windows far out upon perilous landscapes that beckon to delightful destruction."—Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen, *Why We Misbehave*, p. 113.

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only thing you didn't really want that evening was to have the bed *quite* so crowded.

CASES

Case 1—Miss L.

It's sad about Miss L. She's the classic failure story of Smith, the legend which is recited with downcast faces and moist eyes wherever alumnae gather.

Although Miss L is now thirty, when the story opens she was only twenty-two, petite, brunette, and eager. She had just been graduated from Smith College where she had learned a great deal about the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood. As a consequence, she was firmly impressed with the necessity of making a place and a name for herself in the world. Yet, while Smith had done this for her, it had somehow failed in one of its functions. Although she had spent four years within its sacred precincts, although during all of these four years she had been surrounded with young women who bit by bit were surely being impressed with the unmistakable mark of Smith College and the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood, something

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about Miss L made it seemingly impossible to brand her with this mark. Even when on her commencement day she walked in line with the others up to the rostrum to receive her diploma she walked with a certain swing⁴ which had about it something that she had not learned at Smith College. And when later she laid aside her gown and mortar board and started with them and her other possessions for New York City dressed in grey tweeds and a sweater with a little square of felt decorated by a rooster feather on her head—created by John-Frederics in one of his wilder moments—she was spoken to by six men on the way from her rooming house to the station. And on the train going down to New York, two college professors, a Harvard graduate, and three traveling salesmen invited her to have dinner with them. Plainly Smith had failed. Plainly Miss L didn't have the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood on her mind.

Once in New York the tragedy of her situation only increased. When she had applied to seven office managers for jobs, she found that

⁴“After all, what does her sexual apparatus, as such . . . care for the greatest good for the greatest number?”—Dr. Louis Bisch, *Be Glad You're Neurotic*, p. 63.

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she had her choice of seven jobs. And, thinking it over later was amazed at the realization that not a one of them had asked her what her experience in office work had been or even if she could type a letter. As a matter of fact, she *couldn't* type a letter.

Telling a friend about it later she was asked how she got the job.

"I can't conceive!" Miss L answered demurely.

Her work went pleasantly too and didn't fatigue her, for she had always enjoyed dancing in the afternoon. Bit by bit, her employer increased her salary and with every increase Miss L increased and elaborated upon her wardrobe.

Gradually, too, she moved uptown in hairdressers, until, having started at a beauty school on Fourteenth Street, she found herself making a weekly trip to Charles of the Ritz. And whereas, when she had been going to the beauty school she found that her employer took her to Child's for dinner, she found when she had finally gotten to Charles of the Ritz and was wearing clothes which suited her elaborate coiffure and beauty treatments, her employer was taking her to the Voisin. And instead of leaving

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her at the subway entrance when the evening was over he was taking her home to her apartment in a cab, even though the very mention of a cab had seemed formerly to disturb him, and stepping out so that there was really nothing she could do in ordinary courtesy save ask him up.⁵ And he habitually forgot his umbrella when he left.

Time went on and one day her employer's boss walked through the outer office. After all her employer was only office manager and the firm had a president and when the president saw Miss L fresh from one of Charles' beauty treatments and beaming with the satisfaction that the excellent food the office manager had been buying for her brought her, the president decided that he had been Wasting his Life. His first expression of this conviction resulted in a weekend tour to Bermuda on which poor Miss L was forced to go. A few months after that the president's wife went to Reno and now the former Miss L is the Mrs. President. Her name is in the social register, and when she wants to go

⁵ "The pernicious habit of carrying one's business . . . home and into bed with one undermines the nerve and other cells of one's body . . . and produces pronounced fatigue."—Dr. Louis Bisch, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

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to Europe she is quite able to charter the whole of the Queen Mary for herself and the Normandie for the help.

It takes a lot of brains and energy for a girl to fail like that!

Case 2—Miss W.

Miss W really had no greater opportunities than Miss L had, although this statement may raise a shout of protest from the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association, for Miss W went to Bryn Mawr instead of to Smith. She too learned, as Miss L had, of the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood. For four years she listened to inspiring lectures about the needlessness of men and the contributions to civilization which women have made throughout the ages. For four years she gazed with deep grey eyes at the splendid examples of Womanhood which the college faculty and especially the president of those days made. And when her deep grey eyes became a trifle weak from gazing she put on thick horn-rimmed spectacles so as not to make meretricious use of her Sex as an Asset.

Along with the things which she learned in books she learned many things also about dress

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and deportment. She had gone to Bryn Mawr with her number $4\frac{1}{2}$ triple "A's" shod in sandals that just shouted Paris and had 3-inch heels which clicked in a manner decidedly not Bryn Mawrish. With these and a little number from Bergdorf-Goodman that was too too too, the girl had a rip-snorting leg (clad in 57 gauge stockings) up on failure before she ever started.

But on the day that her sophomore year broke to begin the Christmas vacation, some-

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thing which the dean said to her in a tone of pity more than blame suddenly uncovered for Miss W the Well Springs of her Being, directly under which she found the Well Springs of Action. And so, seeing the great light, she traded the sandals for an old cardigan of her roommate's (the sandals pinched the roommate's feet but they got her a long way at the Copley-Plaza) and turned in the Bergdorf-Goodman rag for a second-hand copy of Plutarch's Lives.



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Then Miss W spent most of her holiday, with the exception of Christmas day and New Year's themselves, in Boston, shopping. The two holy days she spent in silent contemplation of the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood.

Consequently when she returned to Bryn Mawr her whole appearance was changed. She had a good sensible woolen suit of the shade known as "Heather" which was cut more for service than for chic. The skirt was two inches longer than the current mode. The 57 gauges had been amply replaced by nice thick woolen items also "Heather." But the shoes were the crowning triumph. No more did Miss W's heels click in a manner decidedly unbecoming to a true daughter of Bryn Mawr—in fact they didn't click; they clumped. When she walked across those floors you knew just by listening that someone with a Purpose was approaching. And when you looked at the feet (while you listened to the clump) you sighed as you thought of the miles and miles you could walk in those Arnold Glove Grippers—in fact the miles and miles you'd have to walk if you wore them.

When school finally ended, Miss W, with a crisp sheep-skin diploma and a degree *cum*

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laude, also went to New York as Miss L had done. But no Harvard boys, no traveling salesmen—not even a college professor—asked her to dine. She did not at once find a position, for she was determined not to waste herself on the ordinary maudlin affairs of a man's world of business. She would spend her life demonstrating the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood, justifying the great gift of learning her dear Alma Mater had bestowed upon her and its faith in her. To be sure, she did not find the world waiting as eagerly to receive her as she had hoped that she would, and, after several months, when her money began to run low, she did make a few feeble and futile efforts to find a job in a business office.

But as soon as an office manager would ask her whether she could take dictation and she had said "no," and then had asked her what office experience she had had and she had said "none," the interview was invariably ended. Miss W tightened her belt a bit, began saving money on her laundry by wearing things just a little longer, quit buying shoe-shines and just rubbed her shoes herself with a cloth now and then before going out, and of course never went to a hairdresser.

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Finally one day she happened to stumble into the office of a welfare agency at a time when the regular interpreter was out. Now that special *cum laude*, which had been attached to Miss W's degree at Bryn Mawr, was there because of her prowess in French. And, although she found a good deal of difference between the Parisian French, which she had learned in Massachusetts and the speech of the immigrants to whom she was called upon to talk in New York, she managed. And, as luck would have it, the welfare agency kept her on, the assistant director (Vassar, 1907) saying to the director (Wellesley, 1903), "Miss W is such a substantial and forward looking person!"

This was fifteen years ago. Miss W is still clumping daily to her work with the welfare agency. She is still wearing heather woolen stockings, and the same heather woolen suit made for service. She is still a substantial and forward-looking person. In fact her substantialness seems to grow with the years, for not since that day when the great awakening came to her at Bryn Mawr has she given her figure a passing thought, and she has always been so fond of sweets and mashed potatoes!

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She lives quite alone in an unheated flat near the corner of Gansevoort and Little West Twelfth Streets where her rent is \$25.00 a month. Her budget would really allow her to spend \$50.00 a month for rent but she puts the other \$25.00 away in her Travel and Education fund. As a result, there is scarcely a winter in which she does not take at least one weekend cruise in the southern waters and in addition she has managed to take in Palestine, the Taj Mahal, the New Russia, bits of Tibet, northern Mexico, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and evening courses in dramatics at New York University and in any number of the social sciences at the New School for Social Research.

Occasionally now the assistant director at the social service smiles whimsically at the director and says, "Did you ever see anyone who dressed quite as eccentrically as Miss W? Don't you think that it is delightful to find someone who has become so emancipated from sartorial slavery?" But it never really occurs to Miss W that she is being eccentric when she arrives at work with her suit looking as though she had slept in it the night before, her shoes without polish and even a bit scuffed, and her hair somewhat rum-

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pled because she just couldn't bother to take it down when she went to bed the night before.

Miss W's emotions are untroubled. Indeed, as she makes her way along the street headed for some slum district, her whole bearing one of sympathy and the common touch so that you can see just by looking at her how it is that those upon whom she calls in the slums think of her as one of them, it would be easy for one to wonder whether she has any emotions at all.

She is never rudely wakened in the morning by a poet or philosopher or gardener. Indeed the sacred quiet and solitude of her little apartment on Gansevoort Street is never violated by the rude step of a man's feet. She has a telephone but its bell seldom shatters the peaceful stillness which fills the space between the four walls with peace and comfort. On Sundays in fine weather (and even a great deal of weather which you and I might not think so fine) Miss W often joins the happy throng of a walking club. She can tell you every good hike between New York City and Albany on the north or between Newark and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on the west. She can tell you where the finest stand of *cypripedium* in the East grows (scorn-

Why Wake on Times Square?

ing such a frivolous name as Lady Slipper). She can identify, by both its common and classical names, every wild flower, bird, and tree native to the Atlantic states. Indeed it's a liberal education in biology and the sources of life simply to walk through the woods with Miss W in the spring.

Thinking of these two women I often wonder how much you would learn about the sources of life if you took a walk through the woods in the spring with Miss L.





CHAPTER II

SAVE YOURSELF FOR YOURSELF

BEARING in mind the slogan I have made for myself, the watch word by which I intend to guide my life and which I have now given to the world in the title for this book, I spend a great deal of time rereading the books which have helped me so, and find much that seems new every time. As early as page 15, for instance, in *Wake Up and Live*, I ran across this inspiring sentence: "Success is bracing, active, alert; so the typical attitude of failure, we believe, must be lethargy, inertia, a supine position."

Later the same paragraph tells us "a power-

Save Yourself for Yourself

ful struggle must be waged against the force of life and movement. . . .”

Of course I found both of these things true in my new program. Oh, it wasn't always easy, especially when the fleet was in.¹ I learned that there was no royal road to success, but having made my bed and decided to lie in it alone nothing could turn me back.

In the preceding chapter I have shown how most failure is actually caused, strange as it may seem, by the Will to Fail and that as much energy may be spent in achieving failure as in gaining success. Miss L, with all of the advantages of Smith College, worked hard at failure *because she wanted to fail* whereas Miss W with

¹ *Lay me to rest in some fair spot
Where sound of waters near,
And songs of sailors in their ships
Shall reach my waiting ear.*

—Charles Granville.

*As I lie at full length:
But no matter—I feel
I am better at length.*

—Edgar Allan Poe.

*Oh, who will come and lie with me
Upon a meadow filled with heather,
A prince? A sailor from the sea?
Or both together?*

—From the author's *Juvenilia*.

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

no greater advantages (though, as I have said, I expect Bryn Mawr graduates to disagree with me on this) and working no harder, nevertheless succeeded because she had a purpose and a plan.

Now why did Miss L want to fail? Incomprehensible as you may think it, even failure has its compensations. For Miss L (who you will remember is now Mrs. B, the wife of a corporation president) these include a Park Avenue apartment, a summer estate in Westchester, a Rolls-Royce town car, and an Issota Fraschini which is usually kept in Westchester along with the station wagon, a Duesenberg, a Cadillac and a Lincoln, a jewel box, the contents of which make the \$125,000.00 necklace which King Edward bought for Mrs. Simpson look like a Woolworth bauble, breakfast on a tray in bed, and many many other things which were never listed in Sears-Roebuck's catalogue.

I heard indirectly of the former Miss L just the other day when I was in Sloane's, not buying anything but getting some material for an article on home decorating. I was talking to a clerk when a nearby phone rang and the floor man answered it. I could hear the apology in

Save Yourself for Yourself

his voice even before I could understand any of his words. Then he turned from the phone and called somewhat impatiently across the floor, "Miss Van Ryn!"

Miss Van Ryn, it seemed, was quite busy in the lamp department selling a client one of Sloane's little \$175.00 numbers and she told the floor man she couldn't come just then.

"But," the floor man said, his liquid voice slightly clouded with annoyance, "it's Mrs. B's butler. Mrs. B is *so* worried about the four dozen lamps she ordered for her servants' quarters. She would *so* like to have some action on them."

I left Sloane's thinking of Mrs. B, who had been such a sweet and charming and child-like Miss L, sadly. Imagine having to wake up in a house in which there were four dozen lamps in the servants' quarters!

And yet, I mused as I walked down Fifth Avenue, one could understand with the exercise of a little tolerance and the ability to look at the matter from Miss L's point of view. I had always known really that Miss L had had the Will to Fail. Now I was beginning to understand that there really were some compensa-

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tions in failure. Miss L had achieved something or other even though she had lacked the ability to turn her energies into the right channels and find the rich spiritual satisfactions which had come to Miss W through the pursuit of the Worth-Whileness of Womanhood.

Continuing with Dorothea Brande's book I learned that "failure comes through devoting precious hours to time-killing pursuits."

When a man comes to your apartment for cocktails and talks to you all the time he is there about the big boom in the furniture business on the west coast and then stays on still talking about the furniture business until you are practically forced to ask him to help you find out what's in the ice-box, you are "devoting precious hours to time-killing pursuits." Something must be done about it. Beware of lethargy, inertia, the supine position.²

If he asks you out for an evening's entertainment and you go with him and he takes you to dinner at that cute little French table d'hôte that he found down in the village, where you get a seven course dinner with a glass of wine

² Dr. Bisch says: "You are continually thinking . . . how you can straighten yourself out." *Op. cit.*, p. 143.

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for fifty cents, if, after this dinner he takes you to a movie and, leaving the movie puts you in a taxi-cab for a ride through Central Park, where he tries to make love to you in the cab, you are devoting precious hours to time-killing pursuits. Beware of lethargy and inertia—you don't really have to beware of the supine position because the minute you sit down in a New York taxi-cab you are practically as supine as you can be without first getting out of the cab.

CASES

Case 1—Mrs. R.

Mrs. R of Du Page county, Illinois, was raised on a farm where there were cows and chickens and vegetables and a lot of things like that, all having a good time together.

She was one of a family of eighteen children all of whose thirty-six ears and 360 fingers and toes were carefully scrubbed every Saturday night in preparation for the hebdomadal Sunday morning trek to Church and Sunday school. After Sunday school, they would all come home to a fine chicken dinner and an afternoon variously spent by the various members of the fam-

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ily. At 2:30, the youngest ones would get into the buggy again and bump along over country roads, behind the patient family horse (who hadn't even had his harness off since he had taken them to church), to go to a meeting of the junior league—a league which had not even vaguely heard of debts and sub-debts but was simply a godly organization composed of those still too young to grasp the deeper significance of the Christian Endeavor meetings which were held in the evening. Meanwhile the older members of this happy group would sit about with their favorite books, *When Knighthood Was In Flower*, *Bound To Rise*, or one of the Bertha M. Clay series.

When Mrs. R (who up to this time, of course, hadn't been Mrs. at all) was 18 and really very lovely, she married Mr. R, a fine up-standing farmer-boy then hired man on a neighboring farm. But he was thrifty, had been saving his money and had his eye on a little forty-acre patch the other side of the creek.

When Mrs. R was only 22 and the mother of four children, Mr. R bought the little forty-acre patch and they became farmers in their own right. Year after year they profited. Their

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pigs were the fattest in the county and their corn yielded, I really can't remember how many bushels to the acre, fine full ears that always took the prize at the county fair. And year after year Mrs. R bore children.

Ten years after they were married surveyors arrived on their farm laying out a line for a new interurban railroad. Mr. R swore at them picturesquely and ordered them off of the place saying that he wouldn't sell his fine corn land to any railroad but the railroad company entered condemnation proceedings, ran their line through his property and bought the little forty-acre patch for \$40,000.00. After that all of the light seemed to have gone out of the ideal of farming for Mr. R. He took his \$40,000.00, Mrs. R and their seven children and went to New York City where they found a cozy little apartment in the Bronx and Mr. R started a business of his own in a milk depot.

Another year passed and Mrs. R had another baby, so now there were eight. But she was still lovely and that is how it came to pass that Mr. F noticed her one day when she turned her ankle in front of Macy's and fell with a little

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groan to the sidewalk.³ He helped her to her feet gently and supported her into a nearby drug-store and then called a cab and, getting into it with her drove her all the way to the Bronx for fear she might have to stand up on the subway and hurt her poor injured ankle.

Mrs. R and Mr. F saw quite a little of each other after that, for Mr. R was very busy with his milk depot, but always just as soon as she had had her fourth cocktail with Mr. F and he was about to suggest dinner she would remember that she must get home to get dinner for Mr. R and her eight children.

Then came the afternoon when Mr. F asked her to go with him over to Park Avenue and look at a lovely little apartment he was thinking of renting, when she suddenly remembered that she had an appointment at the Women's and Children's Hospital to have her ninth baby.

And so she Lost Out.

All of this time, you see, she had been devoting precious hours to time-killing pursuits,

³ "Next to birth the chief cause of success in life is accident and opportunity."—Viscount Morley. Quoted by Dr. Louis Bisch in *Be Glad You're Neurotic*, p. 183.

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had been yielding to lethargy, inertia, the supine position.

Case 2—Miss B.

Fifteen years ago on a bright morning in spring Miss B stepped in an outward direction through the door of her father's forty-eight room house near Yonkers and directed the waiting chauffeur to take her to Central Park. Here she met Prince Von H.

Miss B's maternal grandmother, who had grown up in a beautiful white farm house in New Hampshire and who was still horrified by the splendor of her son-in-law's menage which she had always said made her think of the palaces of Babylon, had always had great hopes for Miss B. She had talked to her at great length about Susan B. Anthony and Madame Curie and even (though with averted head and not in great detail) about Margaret Sanger. And, when she came to Lady Astor and the great women who have been in medicine and law and even the Congress, Grandmother's eyes had always shone with the holy light of reverence.

But Miss B forgot these things on that bright spring morning when she met Prince Von H

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at the Central Park Casino. In spite of all that her grandmother had said to her, in spite of the high hopes that worthy lady had always held that her grand-daughter would use the wealth and position to which Mr. B's fortune and success entitled her, Miss B had never really had to learn to act as *though she could not fail*.

In fact all of her actions that day were quite different from anything which she had ever learned from her maternal grandmother. She lunched well with the Prince, she drank well with him and then at the Prince's own suggestion they went to a pent-house, which the Prince always maintained in New York for use during his incognito visits here. And after that I'm not sure about everything that did happen.

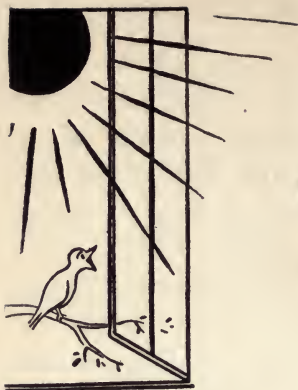
But I know this: Miss B was devoting precious hours to time-killing pursuits, was yielding to lethargy, to inertia, to the supine position. A few months later Miss B became the Princess Von H, leaving her father's Westchester estate and her maternal grandmother's hopes for the future in the dust behind her.

Miss B had failed *because she wanted to fail*.

Save Yourself for Yourself

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

- Q. If a woman is already in the supine position when a man enters the room, what does she do?
- A. If it's the milkman, suggest that the door-man will hold his horse.
- Q. How late is it proper for a lady living alone to entertain a man?
- A. That all depends. If a photographer is coming at noon the next day to photograph your apartment for *House and Garden*, better get your guest out of the house by 11:30 A. M.
- Q. How can I get rid of a guest?
- A. Eat garlic, or in cases of emergency, wear a hair-net and cover your face with lanolin.
- Q. How can I get a man to forget his umbrella?
- A. Act as though He Had No Umbrella.
- Q. If you really want a man to come to your apartment is the best way to ask him to come up and see your porcelains?
- A. No. If you haven't anything better than porcelains to show him, it's no use asking him up anyway.
- Q. What can I do for a general feeling of restlessness and jumpiness?
- A. It depends upon what's biting you. Better see a dermatologist.



CHAPTER III

WILL YOU, OR
WON'T YOU, OR
WOULD YOU
RATHER NOT?

*Will you, won't you,
Won't you, will you,
Will you join the dance?*

(That's from Alice in Wonderland.)

NOT long ago I heard a great man say sadly, "I'm thirty-two. My dancing days are over?" He was, as a matter of fact, in the supine position when he said it, and I could not help wondering, "Are they really?" I KNOW this man could dance again if only he could convince himself that things are not as they used to be.¹

¹ "Good as it was for its day, we have passed beyond Model T farming."

"At Cheyenne, Wyo., next morning, Mrs. Roosevelt was 52 years old." From *Time's* report of Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech at Omaha, Nebr.

Will You, or Won't You?

If you have been worrying too much about whether you will or won't and who will say you nay, you have been spending too much time in trying to wake up and not enough in liking it.

Have you tried finding a ten-letter word beginning with "h" that means weekly?

Have you tried knitting or making tatting? ²

Have you seen the Camp transparent woman?

Have you heard Father Divine?

Have you changed your hair-dresser, bought a new suit, done your finger nails over, and put on artificial eye-lashes?

Have you cooked a meal for him?

Have you called him big and strong and clever?

Have you tried the supine position?

Have you tried any other position?

It's not so simple as just saying "yes" or "no."
You must first make the opportunity to say

² "There is . . . no social order, no security, no peace or happiness, no righteous leadership or kingship, unless men lose themselves in something greater than themselves. The study of biological progress again reveals exactly the same process—the merger of the narrow globe of the individual experience in a wider being. To forget oneself in greater interests is to escape from a prison." H. G. Wells, *The Outline of History*, p. 381.

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either. And in either case there are always Arrangements to be made.

Do use the public library nearest you, or the American Wing at the Metropolitan! ³

Times have changed! We are not Model T farmers any longer, and Mrs. Roosevelt is fifty-two years old in Cheyenne.⁴ It is no longer considered bad form for a man and woman to be seen walking together in the museum, or spending a quiet evening reading together in the library.

CASES

Case 1—Miss D.

Although it had never occurred to her that she would be living alone in a loveless life, Miss D, before she was twenty-five, found herself working in Woolworth's for \$12.00 a week and living alone in a girls' club on McDougal Street.

³ "I consider it reasonably correct to say that the Copernican revolution in sex and morals is properly so-called because the profoundest of all experiences, the vital essence of life itself, has been re-interpreted by skeptic and scientific minds until every enlightened person now looks upon sex even in its most radiant moments of fulfillment, as an episode in human behavior."—Samuel D. Schmalhausen in *Sex in Civilization*, p. 377.

⁴ "The social conditions of the old society no longer exist for the Proletariat."—*The Communist Manifesto*, p. 20.

Will You, or Won't You?

She had tried all of Woolworth's perfumes (often using several kinds at once) and many pieces of the most spectacular jewelry from the twenty-cent counter, but she was still buying her own dinners.

One evening, just a little before quitting time, a man came to her counter to buy a screw-driver. He looked her over critically and then forgot all about the screw-driver and asked her to go to dinner with him. Of course she said "yes." What girl wouldn't when she had expected to buy her own dinner?

You may imagine her surprise and delight when, instead of asking her to walk to Childs with him he handed her into a Cadillac V 16 and drove her uptown to dinner.

After dinner he drove her out through Van Courtlandt Park and on to the Saw-Mill River Parkway, from which he pulled off on a side road and made Improper Proposals to her. Miss D was tempted but then, recalling how hurriedly she had dressed that morning, dissuaded him.

"Not now," she whispered softly.

"When?" he asked impetuously.

Miss D didn't answer.

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"When can I see you again?" he asked.

"Perhaps tomorrow night," she said. "But take me home now."

All the way home her heart sang with the motor of the Cadillac V16. She knew that Times had Changed. She knew how to Act as Though She Could Not Fail. She was not a Model T farmer. She knew that the way to get a husband was to be nice to a man. She had visions of riding about continually in a Cadillac V16, eating dinners uptown, and driving on the Saw-Mill River Parkway. Perhaps after they were married she would so inspire her husband (who she was sure was a lawyer, or a famous doctor, or at least a broker) that he would make more and more money and would be able to afford a chauffeur for her.

"How long have you owned this lovely car?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't own it," he answered. "I'm just the chauffeur. My boss and his family are out of town for a week and my wife's gone off to her folks for a few days, so I thought I'd have a little fling on my own."

The next night Miss D forgot to keep her appointment with him. Psychologically it is evi-

Will You, or Won't You?

dent that she *intended* to forget. She was saving herself for herself, or at least for something better than a chauffeur who was already married.

As Dorothea Brande, quoting Benjamin Franklin, says in her lovely book, "Mankind is very superficial and dastardly. They begin upon a thing, but meeting with a difficulty, they fly from it discouraged." ⁵

Or, as Bertha M. Clay says, somewhere else, "Never trust a man who speaks to you of love without first speaking to you of marriage," that is, if you wish to live as Miss D does.

Case 2—Mrs. Simpson.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have a queer feeling that I am not my old self. What ought I to do about it?

A. Better change to straight scotch and soda and have your telephone and doorbells disconnected.

Q. What is the correct dress for a young woman who is living alone to wear in bed?

A. It depends entirely upon what you have just been doing. If you have just come in from

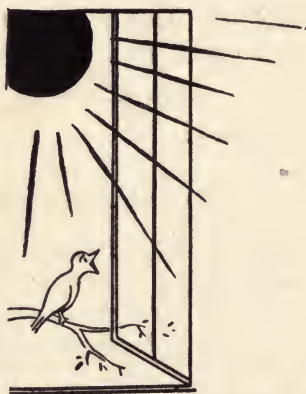
⁵ *Wake up and Live*, p. 50.

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riding you had better take off your spurs.
They're apt to tear the mattress.

Q. I work in a beauty parlour. How can I find the Great Moment, assuming that I want to?

A. Always tell the truth, read your Bible, sleep with your window open, and keep your linen clean.



CHAPTER IV

GONE WITH THE WIND

*I have forgot much, Cynara, gone with the wind,
Three Roses, Seagrams, riotously with the throng.*

IT is an old Southern custom to take your guest into the wine cellar and let him choose his drink from the hundreds of bottles there, covered as they always are with dust and encrusted with saltpetre. But fortunately, in these modern, more tolerant times, the lady who has dedicated her life to herself, who lives alone and has no desire to change that glorious status, does not have to have a cellar. She can get along very well with two bottles, one containing milk, the other root-beer, and a few cans, containing ovaltine, cocoa, etc.



Wake Up Alone and Like It!

When you are entertaining be sure to find out what your guests want before giving them something else. If a man wants milk, do not force him to drink cocoa because it seems more masculine to you. He may have stomach ulcers. And even if he is drinking cocoa, don't force more upon him than he really wants.

Be careful of your equipment, too. See that you have good, plain white cups, heavy enough so that they will not break easily when your guests throw them at you. Satisfactory ones may be purchased at the five and dime, with plain saucers to match.

Four good cups of cocoa may be made as follows:

4 tablespoons full of cocoa	1 cup of water
2-4 tablespoonsful of sugar	3 cups of milk
Dash of salt	(a fillip of vanilla if in a gay mood)

Stir the cocoa and sugar together, heat the water, and add it slowly to the cocoa and sugar. Then put on the stove and let it boil until the odor and the smoke in the living room tell you that you have ruined your pan. You will not need the milk after this.

Some evening when you want to give your

Gone with the Wind



men friends an especial treat you can change to ovaltine. This is made simply by stirring two or three teaspoonsful of ovaltine (which comes already prepared for you) into a glass of very hot water or milk. Be sure to keep the water or milk boiling all the time, or your guest may drink it.

Another charmingly different drink is called

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

"Buttermilk Curds." Mrs. James J. P. of London writes:

"Do you know of a most delicious dish I had in Wales made of whey and buttermilk? It makes a most lovely curd like clotted cream; but as it only tastes like cream, but is not at all rich, you can eat a fair sized basinful."

Of course you have to serve this with spoons or sponges.

If it is a warm evening, you have only to send out for a pint of ice-cream to make a most delicious summer drink called "Black Cow" still keeping within the limitations imposed upon you by your two bottles. Black Cow is made very simply by pouring root beer into a glass over an ice-cream dipper full of ice cream, and be sure to have an ice cream dipper. Black Cow made by guess and chance will never be right. Sometimes, if you have an especially honored guest, it may be well to add a trifle more than the measure, but it will never do to skimp.

Another fine drink, which will surprise everyone, is called "Whey-Whig." It is easily made by infusing fresh mint or sage leaves in fresh whey. The effect upon your guests, when they taste it, is something you will never forget.

Gone with the Wind

One of the fine things about these drinks is that they appeal to a very special sort of person. They serve as an automatic selector for you, weeding out undesirable guests quickly, for the riotous young man, the dolt who cannot enjoy an evening's intelligent conversation, the blade who must forever be rushing around and doing things in a spend-thrift fever, will not come twice to drink of your Ovaltine and Whey-Whig. But the right kind of man, the kind whom you will enjoy entertaining modestly and with decorum, will come again and again. And he is the kind of man who will not stay late. He will invariably leave you by 9:30 so that you may go out and have a good time with the girls.¹

It is well, too, for the lady living alone to serve some little dainties in the way of food. Pickled rosebuds are excellent for a guest who

¹ If you still have any difficulty getting away, tell your guest you are simply perishing for a drink of "Cordiall Water" and give him this recipe, asking him to mix it up for you. This will give you the opportunity you desire. "Take the leaves of mint balme wild time marjerum meadowsweet the roots of avens of each two handfulls and half the flowers of cowslips rosemary red roses marigolds rosasolis, burrage, bugglase gilly flowers hearts ease sunflowers—" At this point you may safely leave.

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has been drinking heavily of Ovaltine.² Gather ye rosebuds while ye may and put them in an earthen pipkin with white wine vinegar. On second thought, ye had best leave them there.

And if you ever serve salads never think of using aught save the finest violet vinegar in the dressing. The vinegar should be made in the spring when wild voilets are plentiful.

1. Put the petals of woods violets, with the base nipped off, into wide-mouthed glass bottles. If you have no wide-mouthed glass bottles feed them to the canary.

2. Fill the bottles (or the canary) with the best distilled vinegar. Cork tightly and keep in the sun or a warm place for a month.

3. At the end of that time strain the vinegar off the violets and put into milk bottles.

4. Leave the bottles at the back door for the milkman to collect.

Before discussing the accompaniments of these rare gustatorial delights, let me tell you, in warning, a little about their probable effects. Do not be surprised or hurt if, after a guest

² "We may leap at new ideas in food as well as everything else, but some things still go together, like pork and beans." *Junior League Magazine*, Dec. 1935, p. 86.

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who is unaccustomed to such entertainment as yours, has drunk deeply of your Ovaltine, or gathered your pickled rosebuds, you find him snoring in your face. It's a compliment to your hospitality. Pinch him playfully, or sing the Volga Boat Song into his ear and he will wake and thank you for it, and perhaps drink further of your pickled rosebuds or Cordiall water.

And if and while he does, let not you forget that you are his hostess. There is nothing more disturbing to a man than to have his hostess sleep while he is partaking of pickled rosebuds. It just isn't done.

Whatever you do don't let your hour with the guest and rosebuds seem a bore to you. Its purpose is to make living gayer and more vital. Plan the time and place. Be well prepared, and carry out your plan to the letter.

Sometimes you will find that your guests, after one or two drinks of Ovaltine or Whey Whig will become so sodden that their brains seem like so much steel under the attempt of your wit to penetrate them.³

³ "Effect of Cooling Water. The most satisfactory results are obtained from a stream of water falling at a rather slow

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It is well, in making your plans, to decide what you will do to entertain your guests while they are drinking their Ovaltine, their Whey Whig, or their Black Cows. Reading poetry, telling the latest "knock-knock" you have heard, or simply "saving breath" will do excellently. If you happen to be entertaining on the day when you are practicing the Dorothea Brande Discipline of saying nothing save in answer to direct questions, you will make an excellent Black Cow and Whey Whig hostess, for your guests probably will have nothing to say either, and that's exactly what you have coming to you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What should one serve with Ovaltine?

A. A pillow and an extra blanket, if it is a cool night. If you are a really good hostess, you will also turn out the light.

Q. I have a friend who doesn't like Milk, Cocoa, Whey-Whig or Cordiall Water. What can I serve him?

A. Try him with a little Frumenty, Haggis, or General Forbe's Ginger beer.

velocity, but in large volume." *Machinery's Handbook*, p. 861. (The Industrial Press.)

Gone with the Wind

Q. What shall I do if the conversation lags?

A. I always let it lag, but if you feel that you must have chatter, ask your guests for their recipes for Sheep's Trotters and Hedgehog Topsy Cake.





CHAPTER V

CAN YOU TAKE IT?

WHY are you sad and restless? Why is your heart so filled with black shadows? You retire to your apartment, pen or pencil in hand, spread before you a beautiful piece of white paper ¹ and try to pour out your heart in some trifle to submit to the *Nation* or the *New Yorker*, or even in a letter to Mother or Dad. But all that your pencil will do is to trace little pig faces and strange thought symbols before you. They seem meaningless to you, although they mean a great deal. If only I could see them! If only I were able to interpret them for you, I'm sure that I could help you. Would you like to have me come up to your apartment some evening to look at your drawings?

Who are you? You are Genevieve Olivier, ex-

¹ "I buy beautiful white paper and spoil both sides of it."—English printer of the Seventeenth Century.

Can You Take It?

pupil and boarder of the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Blois, today bearing the title of Comtesse Raoul de Boistelle. You are now twenty years old and mother of a lovely baby whom you worship—

I simply mustn't go on doing that! I'm quoting Genevieve's Diary, and it's copyrighted!

Skip that and go back to thinking of your drawings. I can't come up and see them, but I can do something just as good. I can put the means of self-diagnosis in your own hands. When knowledge of psycho-analysis is open to you, self-realization becomes easy. You have not all the knowledge, perhaps, but I can give you a short cut, a tool, a way to find out.

The following table, for the technique of which I owe Dr. Louis Bisch (who doesn't care a pisch) profound gratitude, is designed to help you find out whether you are up to the job of living alone. Follow the instructions carefully, and if you do it on the day when you are practicing the Dorothea Brande "yes" discipline, you're almost sure to go wrong.

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

1. Did you, at an early age ask your MOTHER questions about SEX?
2. Did she ANSWER them?
3. Were you GLAD when you learned about the FACTS OF LIFE or did you think them TERRIBLE?
4. Were you especially interested as a little girl in WATER FAUCETS or did you have to carry water from a PUMP?
5. Is your curiosity about PLUMBING still unsatisfied or do you have an OBSESSION that everyone in any group is a GASPIPE?
6. Do you feel that FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is trying to REGIMENT SEX or are you CONVINCED that you are naturally MONOGAMOUS?
7. Were you taught as a CHILD to undress BEFORE going to bed or did you have to sleep in a COLD room?
8. Are you ASHAMED when you have a CLEAN story to tell?

[illegible]

Can You Take It?

Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

9. When as a CHILD you jumped about NAKED did you ever turn your ANKLE?
10. Did you have to eat OATMEAL PORRIDGE for breakfast?
11. Do you believe in FAIRIES?
12. Do you associate UNDRESSING with SHIVERING?
13. Do you believe that LEISURE hours can be spent in BED to ADVANTAGE?
14. Have you a vivid REMEMBRANCE of anything UNPLEASANT which happened in the WOODSHED or did your mother cook with gas?
15. Did your PARENTS ever ask you any questions about SEX which you REFUSED to answer?
16. Does attending THEATER GUILD matinees put you to SLEEP or are you unduly STIMULATED by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS?
17. Does the Camp TRANSPARENT WOMAN send you into SHIVERS of delight or are your DREAMS disturbed by visions of CIVIC VIRTUE?
18. Do you dread SLIPPING in the BATH-TUB?
19. DO YOU THINK that the A. and P. delivery boy has a rapacious look in his EYE when he delivers the GROCERIES?

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

20. Have you a feeling of **HORROR** at the thought of losing your **PANTIES** in front of Al Smith's Empire State Building, *or* don't you **WEAR** any **PANTIES**?
21. Do you **DRINK** Sanka?
22. Do you wash out your undies at night **AFTER** reading **LIFEBUOY** and **ODORONO** ads *or* can't you **READ**?
23. Do you think **LATINS** are lousy **LOVERS**?
24. Have you **GONE** with the **WIND**?
25. Do you still think **SCARLET** is a **COLOR** and Pansy a **FLOWER**?
26. When asked what you'll **HAVE** do you **ORDER** a pink **LADY** *or* do you **PREFER** Champagne **COCKTAILS** to **WHEY-WHIG**?
27. Have you any **UNREASONABLE** fear of **DANCING** the rhumba in the **STORK** club?
28. Do you consider the **ADVERTISING** slogan "We stand **BEHIND** every bed we **SELL**" a threat *or* do you think of it as a promise?
29. Do you think the **FOLLOWING** have **ADVANCED** Civilization? (Answer once for each.)
The noiseless **TOILET**
JOE Louis

Can You Take It?

Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

INADOOR beds
 Bobby PINS
 UPLIFT Brassieres
 Mrs. Simpson
 Denicotinized CIGARETTES
 Tampax
 Artificial EYELASHES
 Liquid NAIL polish

30. If you bore twins, a girl and a boy, would you DROWN the girl? The BOY?

31. Granted that the THIRD vice-president, the CHAIRMAN of the board, and the HEAD book-keeper are all thirty, handsome, and virile would you GO FOR the third vice-president? The chairman of the BOARD? The head BOOK-KEEPER? (This is a PUSHOVER.)

32. If you could have thirty MINUTES alone with ANY of the FOLLOWING which would you CHOOSE? (Put a check after your choice if any.)

Alf Landon
 Robert Young
 Mussolini
 King Edward
 William Shakespere
 Eva LeGallienne
 A chocolate SODA

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33. Do you SAY you want to MAKE a phone CALL when you are REALLY going to POWDER your NOSE?
34. Do you really powder your NOSE?
35. Would YOU send your DAUGHTER to WILLIAMS?
36. Would you HAVE a DAUGHTER?
37. Do you feel any COMPULSIONS such as answering the TELEPHONE when it RINGS, getting UP in TIME to go to WORK, or PAYING your BILLS?
38. Do you know the FACTS of birth control *or* are you still DEPENDING on the RHYTHM THEORY?
39. Did the OLD WOMAN who lived in a SHOE scare you half to DEATH when you were YOUNG *or* do you STILL have a LIGHT in your eyes?
40. If an attractive PSYCHO-ANALYST offered you his SERVICES free would you let him GIVE them to you *or* do you PREFER the ICE-MAN?
41. Does TALK of sex BORE you *or* do you still go to PARTIES among INTELLECTUALS?
42. Is there ANYTHING more IMPORTANT to you than SEX?
43. What THEN? (Answer yes or no.)
44. Has CONTACT with a MAN ever made you think of SEX or MARRIAGE or BOTH?

Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

Can You Take It?

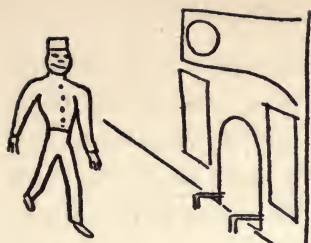
Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.

45. Have you EVER been HESITANT about making love to a MAN simply BECAUSE he didn't like you or because he SOCKED you on the JAW when you TRIED it?
46. Would a man of 68 who was bald and CROSS-EYED, without a CENT to his NAME and SERVING a life PRISON sentence seem AN UNSATISFACTORY husband TO you?
47. Would you be WILLING to practice ALL of DOROTHEA BRANDE'S twelve DISCIPLINES in BED?
48. Can you think of YOURSELF as FALLING in love at EIGHTY-FOUR?
49. If a MAN had half a million, was UNDER thirty-five, HANDSOME, played excellent BRIDGE, was a brilliant CONVERSATIONALIST and didn't KNOW enough to go HOME until LONG after all your OTHER guests had LEFT would you INVITE him to your HOUSE?
50. Are you CONVINCED that ALL is for the BEST?

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Now you may make your score. First add up all your check marks. If you have fewer than twenty-five you might as well sleep alone. Nobody will care. If you have more than one hundred, you are a hopeless yes woman, and might as well give up the struggle right now. If you have any number between twenty-five and a hundred, you are anybody's guess, which is to say, the most charming hostess of all.





CHAPTER VI

THE TWELVE DISCIPLINES

ASSUMING that you have successfully passed the test given in the preceding chapter, there is still much to be done in the way of preparation. Even if you didn't pass it there is still much to be done. It is so easy to drift along in lethargy and inertia and do-nothingness.¹ There are scores of ways to improve ourselves, to make ourselves more appealing to

¹ Have you ever been to a Flea Circus?

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ourselves and our guests, to make us face more happily the stark nakedness of our souls during those long hours of the night in which we face the stark nakednesses.²

We all spend too much time in idleness, too much energy is taken for granted in fulfilling the ordinary obligations of social living. Unplanned and undisciplined as our lives are, those contacts which start out as ordinary, too often turn out to be extraordinary before we know it. The sedate luncheon guest of this noon, may, almost without our being conscious of the transitional stages, turn out to be the lover of tonight.³ It may be only because we actually feel inferior in spite of all our brave ways. Or it may be simply that we lack discipline. How many of us have ever actually risen in the morning saying firmly to ourselves, "I shall today hang by my chin from the coping of the Empire State Building!" and have done it?

Instead we let matters take their courses, we push unwilling bodies out of beds, we push un-

² "We know that one cannot be good all one's life."—Marcel Prevost, *Simply Women*, p. 108.

³ "This would be harmless enough if it were not for the complacency which attends it."—Dorothea Brande, *Wake Up and Live*, p. 153.

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attractive toothbrushes over unfeeling teeth, submerge toes, insteps, ankles, calves, thighs, torsos, in bath water, throw the old drapery on, and go into the street.⁴ At lunch time we eat a stolid lunch somewhere either alone or with some stupid person⁵ who can contribute noth-

⁴ Have you ever jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge?

⁵ "Have you . . . lunched beside the seals on a summer day?"

—Marjorie Hillis, *Live Alone and Like It*, p. 62.



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ing to our knowledge of the Worthwhileness of Womanhood or the International Monetary Accord.

Even if we get rid of our luncheon partners after the meal is over, we are apt to be accosted as soon as we set foot on the street again.⁶ And, like as not, it is our misfortune to be practicing the Dorothea Brande "yes" Discipline on that day, and so the whole day and probably the night, too, are gone and we have Got Nowhere.

The first thing to do is to go through a thorough and honest session of self-examination.⁷

⁶ "Just as she seems to move off, he will approach, and raising his hat endeavor to project the brand of smile known as ingratiating. If his effort does not throw her into a spasm of laughter, the following conversation—or something along the same lines—will ensue. His initial remark will be:

"'Forgive my apparent rudeness, but are you waiting for someone?'

"'Well, as a matter of fact I am, but he seems to have been detained. But why do you ask?'

"'Frankly—curiosity, because, as it happens, my appointment has not materialized either, so we are comrades in distress. I wonder if we couldn't console each other—I assure you I'm the very essence of discretion.'"—Robin Wise, *How to Make Love in Six Easy Lessons*, p. 44.

⁷ "Look at yourself in a mirror. Can you read your fortune in what you see? Your mirror is the crystal which reveals your future. If your eyes are bright, your skin clear, your crystal foretells friends and popularity, for there's something more than prettiness in a gay, young-looking face. There's hope, and cour-

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What are your greatest weaknesses? Wherein lies your greatest strength? In what have you succeeded lately? In what failed?

It will help no end if you get a pencil and paper and take written inventory, writing the questions and answers so that you may study them, analyze them, make them a part of yourself. When you are finished your record may look something like this:

What are my greatest weaknesses?

I don't sleep well ⁸

I've never finished anything (Except Elmer.)

I'm too much by myself

That darned hair lip

My bow legs.

Wherein lies my greatest strength?

An income of \$50,000.

In what have I succeeded lately?

Only Bill, and he lisps.

In what failed?

age, and charm. People like to look at such a face, like to have it near them.

"But look closely now. Are your eyes really as bright as they should be? Is your colour as good as it once was? Is your skin as youthful as you can make it? It takes so little time, so little trouble, so little money, to keep yourself looking lovely."—Sears Roebuck Catalogue, Fall and Winter, 1936-37, p. 648.

⁸"A strange bed may be to blame."—Dr. Louis Bisch, *Be Glad You're Neurotic*, p. 109.

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Edward

Jimmie

Archie

The Ovaltine was bad last night.

You are only human if you feel a little depressed when you look at the result. Probably your heart will be filled with black shadows and your mouth with listerine. But you are less than human if you simply give up and try to do nothing about it. There are ways to escape even black shadows.⁹

⁹ "My Black Shadows

"1. It is hot, abominably hot.

2. Baby has a pimple at the corner of his mouth.

3. Whitefern has made a fiasco of my travelling suit after having tried it on ten times.

4. I am jealous. Raoul no longer loves me. He loves someone else. My suspicions rest between a young married woman and a young girl.

"A young girl! Can she be called a young girl in the same sense of the word as it was applied to us schoolgirls, so innocent, so timid, so reserved?

"Remedies for my Black Shadows

"1. This can be easily remedied. Giving orders to my servants to keep my shutters closed will do it.

2. The doctor said it was nothing, but I will send for a specialist.

3. I will simply refuse to take it and order another.

4. Oh, Mother Reine des Anges, do come to my rescue! Inspire me! Help me! As you used to do during your life."—
Genevieve's Diary, pp. 88 ff.

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What you need first of all is a regular routine of discipline. You must set yourself high standards, set them consciously and in a codified form. It isn't enough simply to say to yourself, "I'm going to do better from now on!" What constitutes doing better? How are you going to bring it about? Unless you have a system, a program, a known direction, you will never succeed.

I owe a double debt of gratitude to Dorothea Brande for her marvelous "Twelve Disciplines." For not only did she give me the material which changed my entire life from failure to success, but just as Doctor Louis Bisch gave me the direction and the method for my preceding chapter, the technique by which I was able to search my own soul and teach you how to search yours, so has Mrs. Brande given me the direction which has enabled me to pass on to you my own Disciplines which, added to hers, have made me a completely disciplined, splendidly neurotic, and altogether uninteresting person.

But first of all I must tell you about some of my adventures and successes which grew out

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of practicing Dorothea Brande's Twelve Disciplines.

I have already told you how, after my first reading of her book, I did as many others had done ¹⁰—I ACTED. I did what I had wanted for ten years to do. I went home, killed Elmer, and started to work for myself.

And I have told you, too, about that glorious day when I first practiced her discipline of saying "yes" to every reasonable request. I pause and titillate even yet every time I think of it.

But perhaps the finest thing that happened to me came about on the day when I was practicing Discipline 6. I paused on the threshold of any crowded room I entered and considered for a moment my relationship to those who were in it.

I started out with the Grand Central Station concourse, because it was one of the most crowded rooms I could find. That wasn't very productive, though I did have a beautiful time in that Moment when I spied a lovely, tall, Red

¹⁰ "Its central theme: ACT AS IF IT WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO FAIL, affected its readers even when this book was in manuscript form. At that time the young lady who typed it for the printer, did what she had always wanted to do: give up her job and work for herself."—From the jacket which covers *Wake Up and Live*.

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Cap and remembered my relationship with him that night when, returning from Chicago, he had taken my bags and I had asked him to show me Harlem and All That Went With It as soon as he was off that night.

That afternoon I went to a matinee and paused at the threshold of my box to look over the vast assemblage of people there and consider my relationships. Nothing much came of it until the curtain went up and I continued the process with every person on the stage. It was then that I had my Big Moment. For there was Freddie, still in the chorus, where he had been the summer before when we had spent those glorious nights together. And as soon as he saw me he recognized me and held up both hands with his fingers outspread, which meant that he would meet me at ten o'clock, for he didn't appear in the last act.

Dear Dorothea Brandel! How can I ever repay you?

So it went. Day after day I followed her Disciplines. Many was the time when I planned two hours of a day and lived according to the plan. It's so simple, really. I don't understand why everyone doesn't do it. I usually planned

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just to sleep those two hours, and did it. That makes so little fuss or bother. But sometimes I planned to spend the time with Freddie or Bill, and often added a little extra plan, if it was Bill. I planned to be a perfect hostess and to lisp with him, and then we always had a beautiful two hours together.

And the good times I had "putting myself into unexpected situations!" You've no idea! Andy was an unexpected situation. And so was Charlie. And they were really among the best!

And so I know the value of Disciplines and knowing have worked out a set for myself and for you. I give you Disciplines from Tibet and Shanghai, from the Arctic and the Gospel Truth Bible Society, from the Arabian Nights Entertainment and the Panchatantra, from the City Ordinances and from Sing Sing, from *The Communist Manifesto*, from *Three Weeks*, and from Genevieve's Diary.

And remember, as you practice them, that no substitutions are allowed. If you insist upon eating at a *Table d'Hôte*, you'll darned well take what's set before you!

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i

This is a Discipline directed against selfishness and self-sufficiency, against the utter exclusion from your thoughts of the Other Point of View. It has been practiced for centuries throughout the civilized world, often by women who were unaware that it was a Discipline at all. Many of them did not like it, but couldn't do anything about it. It also teaches patience, the conquest of restlessness, and the practice of forceful relaxation. It has been found especially

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useful with the young in large families throughout all country districts and was, in early centuries included in the customary procedure of every New England courtship.

Its only drawback is that it needs the co-operation of another person, but if you live in a large city, you should have no difficulty at all.

The Discipline.—For one night out of each month, take someone else into your bed. And sleep, quietly, restfully, silently, without conversation of any kind.

And I mean sleep! ¹¹

¹¹ "But would you believe it? There was one, and only one, habitable bedroom, that being the room of the dead woman (not very cheerful, is it?)—and when I say *habitable*, I mean it contained a bed, standing on four legs, and a washstand.

"Dressing rooms were unknown to the castle. One of the rooms I noticed was furnished with only a chair and a candlestick.

"The castle was so utterly devoid of any kind of furniture that after our first tour through our newly acquired property Maurice and I were seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter. It was about ten o'clock. The day had been spent travelling and we were tired, and needed a place to rest.

"'Where will you sleep, my dear?' I said to Maurice.

"'I saw a large arm chair in the small drawing-room,' he replied pitifully. 'I'll have it brought up.'

"It was then that I gave way to a feeling of pity, which I have ever since regretted.

"'Mon Dieu!' I said, smiling. 'If you are willing to share my bed.'

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There is to be no cheating, no restless tossing from side to side, no sudden breaking out into speech to disturb the rest of the one beside you, no eating of crackers or pickled rosebuds. You are there for one purpose only, to relax, to rest, to sleep.¹²

You will no doubt find many who will look with scorn at this exercise. There are still those who believe that rest and sleep have no perti-

"Tomorrow, I thought, another bed will be put up in another room.

"The night passed without incident. We were too tired to think of anything but sleep.

"Next day, thanks to my care, Maurice's room was ready, but when the time came to retire, he noticed that he had no pillows. It seems it is not customary in this part of the country to possess such luxuries.

"'Ma foil my dear, I shall again ask for your hospitality tonight.' I was willing, but being more rested than the day before, I fell asleep only toward morning. This long body beside me disturbed me, made me restless, and I would awaken suddenly after a few moments of fitful slumber.

"Fortunately, I thought, while dressing the next morning, it will be the *last* time. There has been no *last* time since this unfortunate move. Maurice enjoys sleeping in my bed. He positively refuses to leave it. When I say 'sleeping' it is not figuratively speaking. He occupies my bed to *sleep*—he says so, the wretch."—Marcel Prevost, *One Room or Two*, pp. 117 ff.

¹² "Fight for the attainment of the immediate aims." *The Communist Manifesto*, p. 43.

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nence to a shared bed,¹³ but pay no attention to them. After all one must be too proud to argue with imbeciles.

When you have survived such a night as this you will look into your mirror with a new respect. You will find that you have increased in spiritual stature, that you will be more ready than you ever have been before, to face the world and meet man, beast, or devil.¹⁴

¹³ "There is no use whatever in being two in a bed just to sleep. It would be more reasonable to have one plate only for two to eat from and one chair only for two to sit at table."—Marcel Prevost, *One Room or Two*, p. 122.

¹⁴ You may find, after having practiced this Discipline, that you have unwittingly taken on a more or less permanent guest. In that case the experience of one woman who found herself in this state may be helpful.

"I tried different means successively. The first was to make my presence obnoxious to him. I would get up twenty times during the night, noisily light the lamp, knock against the furniture, make noise enough to awaken a dormouse in the dead of winter. At first the results were successful. Although he did not leave the bed, he slept very badly. True, I slept still worse. Then happened what I should have foreseen. Fatigue brought failure. He, however, slept in spite of the noise and I lost all inclination to move for need of sleep.

"Then I tried perfumes. He loathed them. I literally soaked the sheets with all sorts of unpleasant odors, such as musk, *peau d'Espagne*, etc. He lost his temper, swore, and fell asleep.

"Then I changed my tactics. I suppressed all the unpleasantness I had introduced. I became charming, lovable, desirable. The unexpectedness of my return flattered his vanity. He

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ii

The second Discipline comes from the Arctic, where man faced and conquered the elements of wind and ice and water long before the pool in the Park Central Hotel was built. It has in it the beauty of the Northern lights, the strength of a Polar bear, and the persistence of an ice-berg. It seems a bit ludicrous at first, but

gathered his courage, which lasted four nights. The fifth night he pleaded a headache, kissed me on the forehead and said, 'My dear, if you'll allow me, I'll leave you alone tonight.'"—Marcel Prevost, *Two Rooms or One*, p. 123.

I still insist that she could have saved herself all that trouble by eating garlic—just one little bead—before going to bed.—The Author.



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as time goes on you will find it goes more smoothly, for, like all of the Disciplines, it brings about an actual change in you.

The Discipline.—*Whenever you think of it, pause and gaze at your immediate surroundings, taking in all that is animate and inanimate, and make up your mind that for one hour you will be contented with these companions, whether they are human, animal, or unsentient, that you will act as they act, that you will be one of them.*

The thought may come to you in the most unlikely places. You may be in the Stock Exchange as a visitor, or watching a parade down Fifth Avenue—join the parade! You may be following Marjorie Hillis' advice and lunching beside the seals.¹⁵ It matters not. Be contented with their companionship, act as they act, be one of them.

One woman wrote me that the first time she

¹⁵ "Why should a man who lives in a country where seals are abundant and caribou can be had in addition, concern himself about establishing the fact that seals are abundant in some other place where caribou cannot be had? Enough is as good as a feast; and if you have plenty of seals here, what more is to be gained if seals are elsewhere?"—Vilhjalmur Stefanson, *The Friendly Arctic*, p. 26.

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practiced this Discipline she happened to be standing beside the cage of Rose, the Hippopotamus, in the Central Park Zoo when she thought of it. Nothing daunted, she slipped into the pool with Rose, and began acting as Rose was acting, rolling over on her side, legs and belly in the air, snorting deliciously, as she came up. My correspondent said that never before had she learned the glory of complete abandonment in the water. And since it happened to be an unusually hot day, everybody profited by the experience.

iii

This discipline needs some education, but nothing worth having can be achieved without work. If you have not the background at the moment, take up courses of instruction which will fit you for the exercise. Do not, whatever you do, turn aside from it simply because you are not now equipped. Equip yourself!

The Discipline.—Select a group of friendly people at random and talk for a solid hour in a foreign language which no one present can understand. If possible talk in several languages.

You must do it without acting superior. You

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must learn to do it steadily, without interruption, and hold the attention of your audience every minute you are talking.

This Discipline has saved many a marriage. It was especially successful just after the Great War when many of our boys who, unable to talk French themselves, nevertheless came home with French wives which they had won through some sort of universal language. Many of these fine marriages would have been wrecked when the wives began to learn a few things about the customs of America, had they not been practicing this Discipline. But others than the French have also known it for a long time. Some have gone so far in it that they say things which they can't even understand themselves.¹⁶

Its advantages are obvious. Before you have been talking fifteen minutes you will undoubtedly find yourself alone, and that's what I've been hoping for you all this time.

¹⁶ "There are white men who have resided for thirty or forty years on the arctic coast, with Eskimo wives and grandchildren, who nevertheless have so small a command of the language that when their own wives talk to their own children they have often no idea even of the subject they are talking about."—Vilhjalmur Stefanson, *The Friendly Arctic*, p. 105.

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iv

This Discipline is not for you unless you have a rugged constitution and can really Take It. Many of our bravest men and women have failed when they attempted it. Many have given up when they had no more than got well started on it. But if you have purpose, resistance, a good heart and lungs, and an alarm clock, you ought to be able to make it. It comes from Westchester County and New Jersey, where thousands have long practiced it daily as a matter of course.

The Discipline.—Get up in the morning and stay up all day.

It is well, before practicing this Discipline, to prepare for it. Abandon the bed and sleep on the floor. You will be much more apt to hear the alarm clock when it rings, for you may find that it is easier to like being alone than it is to wake up and like it!

If there is any difference in the hardness and softness of the floors in your apartment, be sure that you pick the hardest spot possible. If you have fine soft rugs, avoid them. If you have a tiled bathroom the tiled floor will make quite

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the best place in which to sleep on the night before you put this Discipline into practice. You might even put your tooth brush and a few aspirin tablets under you.

When the alarm clock goes off in the morning start the day right by feeling no resentment toward it. Think of all the benefits there are in the world. Think of all of those whom you love. Let the emotion of love completely fill your heart.¹⁷

Get up and go about the day with eagerness. Make an unusually careful toilet, seeing that any of your especial disadvantages are hidden as much as possible and your assets emphasized. If you have any bruises or scratches from the brawl you were in day before yesterday be sure to take care of them carefully.¹⁸

Then go out and greet the day.

Be cheerful. Do not yawn in people's faces. Do not go to sleep while you are walking along

¹⁷ "When I love I just can't be mad or see bad in folks."—*Wee Wisdom's Ways*.

¹⁸ "A light scratch is always sanded with 6/o garnet finishing paper with a little rubbing oil on the paper and if the scratch is on a flat surface, a felt or cork block should be used under the paper to insure level sanding."—Patton and Vaughn, *Furniture Finishing, Decoration and Patching*, p. 398.

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the street. The whole effect of the Discipline is lost if it is not carried out whole-heartedly. Those who have tried it know that there are sources of energy in all of us never remotely guessed at until we have spent a whole day awake.

You will become fatigued, of course. But do not give way to your desire for sleep. Lean against a lamp-post, relax for a moment in an ash can—then go at it again.

One woman wrote me that she had never guessed how much drama and beauty there was in the simple event of city lights coming on in the evening. She had always supposed that they burned all the time, for she had never before left her apartment in daylight. "It was more beautiful than all the sunrises I ever saw in Harlem," she wrote.

Questions and Answers

Q. I once got up at eight with the intention of staying up all day and tried to go downtown on the subway, but found the cars so crowded that I couldn't get on. What does one do about this?

A. It depends a good deal on your build. If your elbows are sharp enough you can

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usually push your way in. If they're not, a baseball bat is frequently useful. In an emergency call the fire department.

Q. What is a reasonable hour for you to go to bed when you get up in the morning and stay up all day?

A. It depends upon the company with whom you spend the evening.

Q. What does one do throughout the long daylight hours?

A. You will find a number of excellent suggestions on pages 62 and 63 of "Live Alone and Like It." If, having done all these things by noon you find yourself bored by the prospect of the rest of the day, there are always the escalators in Macy's to fall back on.¹⁹ If it's spring take a walk in Central Park and do something unusual such as picking a few blossoms from the Japanese cherry trees.²⁰ Of course you

¹⁹ "Who that is not emotionally dead can resist the happy contagion of experience that is spontaneous, lyrical, novel, forbidden, disreputable, pleasurable, mad, evil?"—Samuel D. Schmalhausen, *Why We Misbehave*.

²⁰ Here is a suggestion which I found in a wise old book by Prof. A. E. Willis, called *Human Nature, or Men and Women Exposed*. This girl knew how to cope with boredom:

"A young lady, a stranger in New York City, saw an advertisement in the paper for an assistant. She called to answer it, when the man or brute attempted to rob her of her virtue. She got away from him, and set her feminine ingenuity to work to

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can't do these things if you don't live in New York City. That's just your good luck.

v

This is really the happiest of all the twelve Disciplines I shall give to you. No heart is so worn and tired of life that it does not thrill to the thought of romance. Even the lonest lady living her life in strict solitude cannot exist happily and productively without occasionally feeling the spiritual life which comes from the Unexpected Moment. This Discipline is planned first of all to stimulate the endocrines, but it has a further function. Women are never completely happy unless they are subordinating themselves to something or someone, taking orders and carrying them out. Miss L, of Smith, as you will remember, even though she failed, found some satisfaction in subordinating herself to Mr. B, while Miss W succeeded only

punish him for his insult upon her honor and virtue. She made a lash in which she inserted a number of pins, then bought some red pepper, and going to his place of business, sent word up to his office that a lady desired to see him at the door. He walked down stairs to the sidewalk, when, after saying a few words to him, she threw a handful of red pepper into his eyes and then commenced to lash and cut him about the face and head terribly."

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through abandoning herself completely to Social Service.

Since you are one who has saved yourself for yourself, it is obvious that in order to satisfy your sub-conscious yearning for obedience you must take orders from yourself. The simplest way to make this possible is for you to write yourself a lot of little notes. Phrase them courteously so as not to give offense, yet beware of condescension. The most damaging thing in the world to one's ego is being condescended to by one's self.

Start by taking seven pieces of your very best stationery (since these notes are to be written to the most important person in the world) and on each piece write a definite order. The number is important. Do not write six or eight, for the number seven has magical properties of its own. The orders should be something like this.

"Find a good recipe for Mrs. Glasse's salmagundy and make up enough for a party of seven without using any pickled herrings."

"Write two letters to Mrs. Simpson, one in the manner of King Edward and one in the manner of Mr. Simpson and do it so well that

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she will be fooled until she comes to your signature."

"Do your Christmas shopping, paying special attention to His presents, buying Him something unusual, such as a bottle of perfume."²¹

"Practice all of Dorothea Brande's twelve Disciplines in one day."

(The day after you do this is going to be pretty bad. You will ache in every bone and muscle, but take courage. You will be a better woman for it.)²²

When you have written yourself these seven notes, address them to yourself, stamp them and go out and charter an airplane. Before you get in, shut your eyes and turn around seven times. Then point without opening your eyes. Open your eyes and direct the pilot to fly in the direction you are pointing. Hold the seven letters you have written to yourself firmly in your hand until you see that you are above a broad river

²¹ "Most men choose the perfume by the shape of the bottle rather than by what is in it."—*Junior League Magazine*, December, 1935.

²² "Sure, tomorrow's problems will be tough, but not too tough for these Mother and Dad trained kids of ours, at least that is the way Sears-Roebuck feels about it."—Sears-Roebuck Catalogue, Spring and Fall, 1936-1937, p. 5.

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or a lake. Then drop them. If any of them finds its way back to you, you lose.

VI

This Discipline is intended especially to teach you the value of fresh air and sunshine. It comes to you from Tibet, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Batavia, Illinois.

It has the additional value of teaching you how to accept responsibilities and making you lose yourself in the problems of other little lives.

The Discipline.—*Start a ranch to raise milk goats.*

This is especially valuable to you if you are unable to keep a cow.²³

When R. N. Riddle of New Jersey began practicing this Discipline he liked it so well that he imported 119 Toggenburgs. F. S. Peer imported nine. Fred Stucker imported thirteen. A full bred Toggenburg doe in California is credited with the production of 4348 pounds of

²³ "In Continental Europe milk goats are largely used by families unable to keep a cow and great benefit is derived from having fresh milk at hand and at low cost. In those countries the goat is often spoken of as the 'poor man's cow'."—United States Department of Agriculture, Farmers Bulletin # 920.

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milk in twenty-one months of continuous milking, so you can see how much goat milk you would have even if you imported only thirteen as Fred Stucker did.

vii

This Discipline is calculated partly, as Discipline vi was, to take you out of yourself. It is also calculated to stimulate you by relieving you of boredom.

The Discipline.—At least one day during every month reveal yourself completely to another.

This can be done without any real show of egotism, especially if the other is a man. On the day that you choose for this exercise be sure that your fingernails and your hair are especially attractive and dress yourself with unusual care. Then invite the subject with whom you choose to exercise the Discipline to your apartment for dinner. Feed him well and flatter him. It might be well if on the day you were practicing this Discipline you also practiced the Dorothea Brande "Yes" Discipline. You will soon find that you reveal yourself easily.²⁴

²⁴ "A suspicion might have put me on my guard, but it did not: I mean the total absence of mysteries and constraints with

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In my other book, *Life Begins with Father*, I have tried to show how helpful married men over forty are in practicing this Discipline.

The real value of this Discipline is that in revealing yourself to another you are also revealing yourself to yourself, and self-knowledge is the basis of all success.

viii

Have you felt for a long time that you are overfatigued, that your mind is not working respect to me. There was never an instant when I could not enter their room. Concha, always affectionate and always reserved, did not raise the least difficulty in letting me see her make her toilette. Often I found her in bed in the morning, for she was late in getting up since she had become so lazy. Her mother went out, and she, gathering up her legs in bed, invited me to sit near her joined knees.

"We talked. She was impenetrable.

"I saw in Tangiers two Moorish women wearing their native costume, which between their two veils shows nothing except the eyes, but, through that, I saw their soul.

"Concha hid nothing, neither her life nor her form, and I felt that there was a wall between us.

"She seemed to love me. She may have loved me. Even now, I know not what to think. To all my supplications she replied by a 'later on' which I could not break. I threatened to leave her, and she said: 'You can go away.' I threatened her with violence, and she said: 'You can never do it.' I covered her with gifts. She accepted them, but always with a gratitude conscious of its limits."—Pierre Louys, *The Woman and the Puppet*, pp. 111-112.

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clearly, that most things bore you, that you are tired of it all? This Discipline is planned to remedy this.

The Discipline.—*Spend an entire week in bed.*

It is not of great moment to the success of this Discipline what you do during this week that you spend in bed so long as you are not just passive. Spend it constructively, actively, creatively. Fix your mind upon the great philosophies of the world, recite poetry. Test yourself on the multiplication tables.²⁵

The exercise will do you no good if you simply lie sodden and feel sorry for yourself, if you simply let your mind become a cesspool of petty wasteful thoughts or a mole burrowing underground.²⁶

²⁵ "A woman of imagination need only shut her eyes, the illusion is not to be despised. If after all your heart is so devoid of everything that even illusion has no place in it, why mentally recite the long list of the Kings of France from Pharamond to Louis Phillipe, with their dates."—Marcel Prevost, *One Room or Two*, page 124.

²⁶ "The minds of some human beings are like moles grubbing in the earth for worms. They have no eyes to see God's sky with the stars in it. . . . But those who do look up beyond the material will understand the deep pure love and the soul in it all."—Elinor Glyn, Introduction to *Three Weeks*, p. 2.

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ix

The next Discipline is one which logically follows number viii. It is sort of a post-graduate course, for let us assume that during the week in bed with your mind examining the soul of it all, you have opened up great depths of perception within your conscious and unconscious minds and are now receptive to any impressions which may be made upon them. What you need now is the actual physical vision of the greater glory, and it is that which this Discipline proposes to make possible for you.

The Discipline.—*Go to your favorite park. Select a quiet and secluded spot and stay there no matter what happens*²⁷ *from before sunset on one afternoon until after sunrise the next morning, perceiving all that goes on.*²⁸

If you have spent the night Constructively, Creatively, calling upon all of your assets to

²⁷ Almost *anything* may happen! Be hopeful!

²⁸ "There was music in my soul, inspired poetry ready to burst from my lips as the green glory of the park faded in the golden glamor of the setting sun, mingled in my mind's eye with visions of the future. I sat there . . . oblivious of time, oblivious of the vast infinity of sky and space that stretched out before me, oblivious of everything."—*Ex-Husband*, p. 268.

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help you, you should know more about yourself even than after your week in bed.

X

Surely it is clear to you by now that you must count more upon spiritual than upon physical pleasures if you are to live to the full the new life which grows out of the new vision. Too many of us have become slaves to purely physical things such as manicured hands, orderly homes to live in, and tidiness in the kitchen. The tenth Discipline is planned to Change All That, to make us learn that in any surroundings under any circumstances we may in solitude find all things that matter within ourselves.

The Discipline.—*Wash no dishes,²⁹ do no dusting, make no bed, do no manicuring for a solid week.*

You'll be surprised at what a difference in your point of view you will find after the fourth or fifth day of this Discipline, when the stack of dishes in the kitchen sink is so high that you

²⁹ "A keen and accurate mind, avid for experience, interested in all the activities of the outside world can not be cultivated over the kitchen sink."—Sarah Trent, *Women Over Forty*, p. 73.

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can't turn the faucet on without having it splashing all over the floor—if indeed you are able to get to the faucet in order to turn the water on at all—when the sheets on your bed are rolled up in a little bunch somewhere near the center of it and half of the down puff is lying on the floor, and when you can't reach for a piece of paper or a book without getting your hands covered with dust. You may be surprised, too, to see the effect that it will have on your guests, if any. Day by day in every way you will be coming closer to success in the solitary plan of living which you have set for yourself.

One of the advantages of this Discipline is that it gives you a great deal of time for spiritual pursuits, for losing yourself in the bigger things of life, the things that really matter. Somewhere there is always a flea circus, the American wing of the Metropolitan, knitting, tatting, and the escalator at Macy's.³⁰ There is an old proverb which says that idleness breeds discontent, but

³⁰ "Have you ever collected little China dogs?

Have you taken up Greek tap-dancing?

Have you ever got up early enough on Sunday morning to go to Mass in a Tibetan Lamasarie?"—*Life Begins with Father*, p. 63.

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what a clever woman can do with idleness is plenty.

xi

The eleventh Discipline along with the tenth and twelfth form a golden trilogy which should bring you to the highest state of peace and solitude.

The Discipline.—For one whole day force every conversation into a discussion of yourself. As long as you have the floor in each conversation talk continuously about yourself.

You may find some opposition to this Discipline. You may find that occasionally a member of one of your audiences will insist on breaking in with a remark about the races, the stock market, the International Monetary Accord, Mrs. Simpson, Hitler, or even himself. In this case be firm. Brook no interruption. Exert your individualistic singleness of purpose, let singleness be your watchword.³¹

xii

You can readily see how this Discipline goes hand in glove with those which have just preceded it. In fact how all twelve of the Disci-

³¹ "Myself I sing, a single, separate person."—Walt Whitman.

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plines fit together in very much the same way that the twelve fingers of a pair of gloves for a twelve-fingered person do. They are all cut from the same hide.

The Discipline.—*Spend the whole of one day saying "no" to every request whether reasonable or pleasant.*

This Discipline will be more effective if it is combined with Disciplines vi, x, and xi. The only difficulty is that if you attempt this combination you may find that all day long there will be nothing to which you are given the opportunity of answering "no."

In that case start all over again and try the City ordinances instead.



CHAPTER VII

THE BED YOU MAKE

ALMOST as important as having a better self to live with it is important for a career of single blessedness to have surroundings which fit the dignity of your



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status. Obviously a home should be made for the individual, not the individual for the home. Somewhere in whatever city you call your own there is an apartment which just fits you or will if you bring your ingenuity (and perhaps a house-wrecker) to bear and make it reflect your personality. You must take into consideration your physical, as well as your mental and spiritual, attributes when choosing the home which is to be wholly yours. To begin with, the ceilings must be neither too high nor too low. If they are too high they give the aspect of far-awayness. If they are too low you bump your head. They must be exactly the right height for your particular build.¹

Every room in the house should have the impress of your personality. A brace of dead partridges for instance hanging from their feet would look well in the dining room. A bear skin rug before the fireplace would look well here. Be careful however to place it so that the head is not in direct line between the kitchen door and the dining table, since soup stains

¹ "All women are not created equal. They are tall, medium or short."—Sears-Roebuck Catalogue, Fall and Spring, 1936-1937, p. 188.

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are very difficult to remove from bear-skin rugs. A studio couch made up with two pillows could well be placed against one wall.²

When you come to the bedroom you will of course let your creative ability find its fullest expression, especially in view of the fact that it is in this room that you will practice so many of your Disciplines.³

Here, as in the dining room, you must constantly bear in mind that this is your home and in it you will be hostess. Plan the furniture and the surroundings in relation to your probable guests as well as to yourself. The central piece in the room, the bed, should be given particular attention. Think of any who may occupy it—lawyers, doctors, college professors, football players⁴—let your imagination run riot.

² "The dining room of all rooms in the house should have a spirit of friendliness. It may be dignified or it may be gay, but it should be a room which is conducive to the brighter, more sparkling, side of life."—Helen Koues, *How to Be Your Own Decorator*, p. 73.

³ "In a colonial house . . . or in an apartment it is possible to create a comfortable bedroom with distinct colonial feeling."—*Op. cit.*, p. 108. But only if you feel colonial.—The Author.

⁴ "Athletes must . . . flex, turn, twist and . . . be comfortable."—Sears-Roebuck Catalogue, Fall and Winter, 1936-1937, p. 260.

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Along with the bed itself take into consideration the springs, mattress and bed coverings. Have softness and fluffiness here, softness and fluffiness there, softness and fluffiness everywhere.⁵

When you have finished with this room you may find that unconsciously you have actually expressed yourself better than you knew, making for the glamorous creature who is really your true self a setting which your exterior would never have indicated. In this case your next job is to make your exterior over to fit the setting. Begin by placing yourself in your bedroom and examining yourself before the mirror from every point of view. Do it standing, sitting, and lying on your soft fluffy bed, assuming every possible pose you think fits you, but always without self-conscious flamboyance.⁶

Remember that you are now preparing yourself for your new job as a hostess in the setting you have made for the glamorous creature you

⁵ "It is this . . . monotony that . . . lays the foundation for . . . ruin." Eugene V. Debs, *Walls and Bars*, p. 137.

⁶ "The flamboyant style dates in its full glory from about the last quarter of the Fourteenth Century to a more or less advanced date in the Sixteenth."—Hugh Stokes, *French Art in French Life*, p. 9.

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have discovered in your soul. Be dignified, be poised, act experienced.⁷

CASES

*Case 1—Mrs. O—*Mrs. O was thoroughly bored with life and just waiting for some new thing to happen when her husband died leaving her penniless and in debt. She knew that she would have to start to work for herself but she was not daunted. She was a woman with dignity, poise, experience and *flexibility*. She had especially flexible fingers, so she started a class in knitting and crocheting. Now she holds regular office hours in her dining room (which has been made to fit her personality) every Friday from two to four. Although most of her pupils are women, there is one charming man in the group who always stays to tea after the rest of the class has been dismissed.

*Case 2—Miss P—*Although Mrs. O's story is an inspiration there are vast numbers of us who may find ourselves forced to earn a living and occupy our minds, but who cannot knit. Miss P

⁷ "The woman who has poise and experience and *flexibility* is the woman who will be able to adapt herself . . . who will be able to go into an entirely new line of work and make a success of it."—Sarah Trent, *Women Over Forty*, p. 144.

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was one of these. She solved the problem perfectly by becoming a guide for the city in which she lives, which happens to be New York. She knows not only the American but every other wing in the Metropolitan, can take you direct to the Camp transparent woman, knows the location of every escalator in Macy's and Hearn's and can show you the most pleasant way to walk across Brooklyn Bridge. If her client happens to be one who is interested in Interior Decoration she always ends their tour by showing him her apartment, which is done "softly and monotonously as suits her personality"—and her porcelains.

Questions and Answers

- Q.* I am a girl of thirty-seven and want to do the kind of an apartment in which Napoleon would feel at home, at the same time of course expressing my personality. Can you help me?
- A.* I would start with the bedroom, using a plain wooden shelf that would fold up against the wall, with a Mission oak wash stand and a china pitcher full of cold water on it. Make the whole apartment

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look like that. It wouldn't do, you know, to let him think that you're a softie.

Q. I have a lovely little one room apartment five flights up which is really awfully homey. There is no elevator and no elevator boy to pry into the affairs of my guests and myself. There is no steam heat to dry up the atmosphere. I have a charming little coal stove which spreads warmth and hospitality throughout my room which is charmingly furnished in early American. A charming wooden Pennsylvania garden bench, which has all the charm of the garden in Emaus Junction from which it came, takes the place of the ordinary unattractive sofa. A stone seat from another charming garden in Pennsylvania is on the other side of the room and instead of tables I have just boxes to get that sought-after effect of informality. It's all really quite charming and cozy and I know that it suits my personality, yet my friends do not come to see me. What shall I do?

A. Better take a little sulphur and molasses.



CHAPTER VIII
THE MADDING CROWD



WITH your apartment and your personality now nicely remodeled and redecorated you are ready to receive your guests. Who and how many will they be? What will they be like? How will you continue at all times to please them? If after having read the preceding chapters of this book you do not already know many of the answers to these questions, you are not a woman of poise, of experience and of flexibility. However, there are still some things to be said. First, you must pay special attention to those whom you invite to your apartment. School teachers furnish an excellent

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field for your invitations since you will seldom find them busy of an evening. Some hostesses exclude social workers¹ from their parties, feeling that they add too raucous a note, but I wouldn't if I were you.

When you get your women guests together you will find your principal medium of entertainment to be conversation. Most of your guests, if you have drawn them from the fields I have suggested, will, like yourself, be indulging each in the luxury of living for herself. Having saved herself for herself all of her life, she will now be cashing in on her thrift. This will give you a common bond, a common interest, a common topic of conversation. Each of your guests will be able to report on the most stimulating hours she has had in her contemplation of self since you last met.

But even though all of those present have been spared the distaste, the inconvenience, the

¹ "Out of our pathological fear and distorted shame we have ignobly branded these gay women, these lure women, with epithets of ignominy which in sober truth reveal our own frustrated state of heart much more than they symbolize the degradation of the creatures we are morally bound to despise, lest despising them not we might in an all too human moment reveal how much we might love them."—Samuel D. Schmalhausen, *Why We Misbehave*, p. 123.

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peace invading horror of living with someone else, this does not preclude a healthy and sprightly interest in the affairs of others who have so degraded themselves as to take companions to their beds and boards. What of Mrs. R's affair with the leading man in one of the current Broadway hits? What of Mr. S and his stenographer? Have Sally and Blaine broken up yet? If not, why not? And does Mrs. Blaine know about it?

Oh, there need be no dearth of conversation when good women get together!

If you should suddenly find yourself unexpectedly entertaining a man, again conversation of one sort or another ought to help you. Talk enthusiastically, constructively and in praise rather than blame. Praise the mayor, the president, even the Communist Party, the W.C.T.U., the Junior League.²

² "Why is it one hears so often . . . remarks which are so definitely anti-Junior League? Is it because we are forever at it? Is it because male friends hear only of our petty jealousies, our adverse criticisms, our grouches? Isn't it possible, no probable, that we come home from meetings full of how so-and-so fell down on her job or what poor organization there is in such-and-such a committee? I have a strong suspicion that many never hear that two hundred babies were given care at the

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As to entertainment, especially the entertainment of men, I have tried to cover this thoroughly in Chapters 4 and 7. There are, however, some more active things which will appeal especially to the men. Remember that men love to be active especially if they are athletes, that they must flex, turn, and twist, and that it will never do to allow your men guests to have an idle moment. Between their visits save up little odd jobs for them ³ so that as soon as one of your male friends has finished his dinner you can set him at moving the grand piano from one corner to the other in order to get it away from the radiator when the heat is turned on in the fall. This will always inevitably lead to moving the spinet desk over to where the grand piano had been and rearranging all of the over-stuffed chairs in the room, to say nothing of the sofa.⁴ The evening is practically made

clinic the past month, but only that Sue Smith was so high-hat she wouldn't even speak."—*Junior League Magazine*, December, 1935.

³ "Accumulated labor is but a means to widen, to enrich, to promote the existence of the laborer."—*The Communist Manifesto*, p. 24.

⁴ One of my correspondents has told me of the perfectly delightful evening she had in getting her favorite male guest to

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for your male guest as soon as you have decided to move the grand piano, but in case you find him settling down without anything to do about ten-thirty or eleven you can always discover at that point that moving the furniture has made some pictures too high and others too low, so you can get him up again to change these. By the time he has got them right, straightened out the rugs, rolled down his shirt sleeves and put on his vest and coat, he will doubtless go right on from there and put on his topcoat and hat also and you will find that the evening has passed so quickly and without a dull moment all because of such a little thing as a grand piano.

By the next time he comes you will have discovered that rearranging the living room has thrown your lighting scheme all out of balance. Of course you need a new light over the piano and another one for the spinet desk. The electrician who wired your house, not knowing exactly where you were going to put the piano and the spinet desk, has got the wall outlets all in the wrong places and you have no exten-

transpose the bathtub and the kitchen sink. "You've no idea how it snapped up the bathroom," she writes.

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sion cords in the house that are long enough to make the proper connections, so another evening is made for your male guest. If you have fore-warned him he will have made a trip to Woolworth's before he arrives ⁵ and will come laden with wires, screw driver, insulated staples and what not, in order to get you all fixed up. Then while he spends the evening happily splicing wires and pounding insulated staples into the baseboard you can beam at him from time to time, coquettishly promising him a

⁵ Or perhaps he won't arrive.



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glass of Ovaltine or Whey Whig when he is finished.

You can arrange sort of a "bee" if you like, in which you can include a number of your male friends if by chance you are planning to refurnish your living room. Make all of your plans and have your new furniture delivered in crates, without disturbing anything in the old living room. Leave the new furniture crated in the hall until your guests arrive. Wait until they have all come before you breathe a word of your plans, answering all curious questions about the crates in the hall with admonitions such as, "Mustn't be inquisitive!"

When the guests are all assembled tell them in a sprightly fashion that they are there to help you refurnish your living room, that you want them all to pitch in and move the old furniture out (including the grand piano) and then uncrate and place the new. You will be delighted when you see how quickly coats and vests come off. Before the evening is over more than that may come off and you yourself like as not will be down to your shift.

One of the subordinate benefits which is bound to accrue from such an evening is that

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you will undoubtedly arouse the interest of the neighbors.⁶

It is more than likely that if you have given due care to your apartment to make it reflect your personality and have entertained your guests properly and acted as a woman of poise, experience and flexibility acts, the time will come at some point in your career when you'll find that one man is coming more often than others. Perhaps some evening during the Soul Searching moments which you spend in your bedroom you will have to face the fact that he has Intentions and decide what you are going to do about it.

Do you want to marry him? ⁷

Do you want a Platonic friendship with him?

Do you want a nice trip of Polar exploration with him?

Do you want to be just a itsy-bitsy naughty with him?

⁶ "Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, 'Fine! Looks swell!'"—Quinn and Boden, *Type Specimen Book*, p. 201.

⁷ "Is female intellect capable of rigid discipline and grasping achievement? The answer is, and must be, yes, for mind is mind whether lodged in a firm or fragile frame."—The Reverend George Landon, *The Young Lady's Friend*, Dec. 1845.

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Do you want to Shut him Out entirely?

Or do you just want to keep him hanging around to move the piano and fix the radiators when they need tuning?

If he is a married man the problem of course becomes more interesting than ever. Remembering that with your New Vision, your new glamorous self shining like a jewel in the perfect setting of your apartment you are now without doubt a lure-woman. (Remember this especially on Monday mornings when you feel like last week's mashed potatoes. It will do you no end of good.) If you now have a married man in your toils you must consider carefully his family's point of view, for there is no question that you, with your superior advantages, with all that you can give him which his wife cannot, have the future of that family in your hand; ⁸ you can make it or break it.

What you propose to do about this is between you and your kitchen sink. After all one must not be stopped in her fight to obtain the immediate aims by little things. The decision is for you to make. I have already given you

⁸ "Abolition of the family? . . . on what foundation is the present bourgeois family based?"—*Communist Manifesto*, p. 26.

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several formulas (of which I feel the garlic and lanolin formula the most potent) for getting rid of him. But suppose you don't want to get rid of him. Suppose that you decide that the only Honest Thing is for him to give up his wife and six children, that you must force him to this realization in order to save his soul.

Then you must proceed with tact and skill and flexibility.

When he comes meet him at the door dressed in your most appealing garment.⁹

When he is comfortably seated holding his glass of Ovaltine or Whey-Whig engage him in sprightly conversation mostly about himself. Tell him how clever he is and how strong and handsome. This is obviously A. B. C. stuff. Vary it so that it's not quite so obvious. Ask him questions the answers to which you really know perfectly well yourself, but pretend when he tells you that you have never before known anyone with such erudition. Show him in every way how much you depend upon him, how

⁹ Perhaps "the robe of speculative cobwebs embroidered with flowers of rhetoric steeped in the dew of sentiment."—*Communist Manifesto*, p. 37.

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weak and helpless you are without him, how you respect and admire him.¹⁰

The one thing that you must not do is really to love him.¹¹ Of course you must make him believe that you do, but don't let yourself go so far as to subordinate your own desires and aims to your devotion to him. Love what he can do for you rather than himself. Remember always that all these years you have saved yourself for yourself and that to love another is to be unfaithful to the one to whom you have sworn eternal devotion—yourself.¹²

For instructions on your procedure from here on read the Helena Rubenstein advertisements and the Women's Wear section of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

¹⁰ "Nous aimons toujours ceux qui nous admirent."—La Rochefoucauld, *Les Maximes*, p. 294.

¹¹ "In regard to both the affections and the desires, we are further to remember that deep and extensive influence upon the happiness of the individual himself which results from a due regulation of those feelings; the pure mental enjoyment of him whose affections are under sound regulation, and whose desires are habitually directed to those objects which are in the highest degree worthy of being sought after."—John Abercrombie, *The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, p. 55.

¹² "La constance en amour est une inconstance perpétuelle."—La Rochefoucauld, *Les Maximes*, p. 175.

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You might consider carefully the possibilities presented by Naturally Honest Young Men who occupy positions of trust and responsibility. With such a young man you, as a lure woman with your apartment arranged to suit your personality and your kitchen well stored with the ingredients for Ovaltine, Whey-Whig and Cordiall Water, might find yourself in almost any circumstances. You might even find your face in the *Daily Mirror*, and who knows what that could do for a girl? ¹³

The thing for you to remember constantly in your program is that those who work for their health alone seldom enjoy good health.

CASES

Case 1—Miss S.

Miss S was living the Good Life in beautiful seclusion in a cozy eight room apartment on upper Park Avenue with no one to disturb her

¹³ "Thousands of naturally honest young men who occupy positions of trust and responsibility become in time dishonest because a strong desire for fashionable life with a loving for gambling, drink, and fast women have made greater demands than their salaries would meet and so led them to rob their employers."—Prof. A. E. Willis, *Human Nature, or Men and Women Exposed*.

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

solitude save the help. Her thoughtful father and grandfather and great grandfather (who had come to America from Russia in the steerage and had laid the foundations for everything Miss S had learned to love) had so arranged things that Miss S had her summer trip to Paris and her winter trip to the Riviera, credit at Sloane's, and a great many other things. Still she found something missing in her life, some stimulation which she knew she needed but could not name. She had to confess to herself that at times she was bored with it all.

One evening as she was walking along Park Avenue she dropped her purse, only to have it picked up at once by a young man who was passing. When she looked at him closely in the glow of a street light to thank him, she saw that he had a great deal of charm and so she asked him up. When she got him into the more adequate setting of her apartment she found that he was a young man who had a great many other things.¹⁴

It was a cold night. The young man lived in

¹⁴ "qui sentait bon et avait toutes sortes de délicatesses."—Anatole France, *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, p. 176.

The Madding Crowd

Brooklyn and there was so much room in Miss S's apartment that she asked him to stay the night and he did.

As the weeks passed the young man found less and less reason for spending a nickel to take the long cold ride on the subway to Brooklyn, and finally gave up his apartment there altogether.¹⁵

He was teller in a local bank, which at the outset did no one any harm save for the complacency of the bank who paid him very little money. One night however he appeared at Miss S's apartment carrying an emerald bracelet which he placed affectionately upon her wrist. For two weeks they went everywhere, did everything, and the young man paid the bills.

Then came the night when the doorbell rang and he foolishly went to the door to find a policeman standing there. They had words together after which the young man took a revolver from his pocket and shot the policeman through the shoulder, which was also a itsy-bitsy foolish.

¹⁵ "Il a fini par trouver que cela lui coûtait trop cher, de coucher toujours chez lui."—Guy de Maupassant, *Inutile Beauté*, p. 34.

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

Now the young man is in Sing Sing and Miss S is in Hollywood and is never bored any more.

Case 2—

In striking contrast to Miss S is the following story. It shows how a feminine influence in the life of a man may be as powerful for good as that of Miss S was for evil. It also shows how a woman may share a dearly loved man with another and gain only glory from it. This case is taken from *The Mother's Assistant*, Volume VII, #1 for July, 1845.

"A little girl, six years of age, was a scholar in the Rev. H. Stowell's Infant School, at Salford, near Manchester, England. Her father was an infidel, and despised the holy Scriptures. The child would take him by the hand, and press him to go with her to hear the minister preach, but he always refused. He returned home one evening, and inquired where his child was? The mother said, 'she is in bed.' 'I'll go and give her one kiss,' said the father; but, as he approached the chamber, he heard the voice of prayer. It was little Jane; he heard her say, '*O Lord, do lead my dear father to hear Mr. Stowell preach.*' This artless prayer touched

The Maddening Crowd

the father's feelings; but he was still unwilling to go with his child. Her perseverance at last succeeded. He went with her, and heard a striking and an alarming sermon from Mr. Stowell. On leaving the place of worship, the penitent, but now believing father, said, '*Jane, thy God shall be my God, and thy minister shall be my minister.*' This man has become a true disciple. He is usefully employed as an infant school master, and has been the means of guiding many children to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."



CHAPTER IX



DRAW the curtains over the curious stars and settle down. We're going to have fun. You have chosen the Good Life without encumbrances or the intrusions of domesticity. You are apt to spend at least a third of the Good Life in bed, and you would scarcely have more time than that there even if you were living the Bad Life. What to do in the waking hours, though supine?

A woman with imagination, tact, experience, and flexibility, need not fear the hours that she

Fun in Bed

spends in bed. But the going-to-bed program must be as carefully made as any other. It must not be done hit or miss.

In the chapter on arranging your apartment as a setting for Yourself, I have already given you some general suggestions about your bedroom. These are simply to impress upon you the basic principle of fitting your setting to your personality, and your personality to your setting, the whole idea being to accentuate the importance of Self, to make you continually realize, and the world take notice, that you are obviously the most interesting and important person in circulation.

Here are a few specific suggestions for details which will carry out the general idea:

Directly over your bed arrange a large mirror on the ceiling, and one on each of the three walls which you may face, so that whether lying on your back, or on your left or right side, or sitting up in bed, you will always be able to command a good view of yourself.¹ You will find no more satisfying view standing on a peak of the Alleghanies or the Swiss Alps. You will,

¹ "A tiny Eden actually before my eyes, solid and tangible."
—Constance Sitwell, *Petals and Places*, p. 21.

Wake Up Alone and Like It!

of course, have a good bedside lamp which will illuminate your face and shoulders in order to give perfect reflection. Sometimes it is well to have a light at the foot of the bed, also, lest the lower reaches of your prospect are lost in shadow.

Your program, a sacred succession of events, to which you are committed as a prelude to going to bed, you must carry out religiously every night. Like your bedroom and your wardrobe, this must suit your personality. One woman I know climbs nude to the top of her dresser every night and, striking a pose as Ariadne, looks at herself in the mirror across the room saying aloud, "Every night I look better and better." Then she descends and, pouring herself a drink, carries it to another mirror where she raises her glass, looking herself unflinchingly in the eye, and says: "Here's to Myself! I'll never drink to a better woman." Then she slides languidly into bed where, with both head and footlights turned on she takes her sleeping position for the night, watching herself in her side and ceiling mirrors as she does so. It is a rule with her never to take quite the same position two nights in succession, and never to cease

Fun in Bed

posturing, her eyes carefully glued on her image in the mirrors, until she is contented that she has found a more seductive pose than that which she had the night before. Only then does she carefully switch the lights out using a switch which she controls with her big toe at the foot of the bed so that she doesn't have to disturb the effectiveness of her shoulders and torso and hips.

You will, of course, make a much more careful toilet before going to bed alone than you would if you were sharing your bed with another. For you are going to lie with Yourself.



Wake Up Alone and Like It!

This seems an obvious rule, yet there are women who would make no choice between American Family and Fels Naptha soap. And I once saw one woman actually get into bed alone without any liquid nail polish on her toe nails.

Of course you will eat breakfast in bed, even if you have to get up first to get it. In this case you will preserve the illusion of luxuriousness by shutting your eyes as you make the coffee and scramble the eggs. Just feel your way about the kitchen, pretending all the time that you are sleeping softly and deeply, waiting for the maid to come to wake you. When you have finished, put the glorious things you have prepared for yourself on your mirror-bottom tray,²

² "A breakfast calculated to inflate the Ego may be comprised as follows:

"Persian Melon Studded With Filets of Anchovy
Side-Car

Half Broiled Partridge or Pheasant

Another Side-Car

The Other Half Broiled Pheasant or Partridge

Shoe-String Potatoes

A Manhattan Cocktail

Kippers

Toast Melba

Coffee"

—*Life Begins With Father*, p. 176.

Fun in Bed

tip-toe your way back to bed, with your eyes still closed, carefully balancing your tray, climb in, settle down in an attitude of sleep, and only then open your eyes and exclaim with delight at the surprises you find before you.

You've no idea how much fresher and happier you will be, after finishing a breakfast served in this way, as you dress in a leisurely and careful manner and make your way to your eight-thirty appointment with the opening of your office.

If, while you are eating your breakfast, one of your friends drops in, you will ask him to join you. But remember that he has come in for breakfast, and that your duty as a hostess is to give him *food*.³ Offer him whatever you are eating yourself. Of course if he doesn't like anything that is on your tray you will have to Do Something About it. Offer him something else. Remember that your kitchen is well stocked with Ovaltine, Whey-Whig and Pickled Rosebuds. If he wants Pickled Rosebuds, why give the brute your Pickled Rosebuds.

³ "Indoors but not in a room courtesies shall be as when out of doors."—*Regulations for the United States Military Academy*, p. 60.

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Times will come when you will spend more than a night in bed, whether through illness, practice of the "stay-in-bed-a-week" Discipline, or through sheer Desire. These are the times when you must plan some very special amusement for yourself. One of the little things you can do is to charter the Metropolitan Opera Company or the Philharmonic Orchestra to come and amuse you. You will find that *Die Walküre* will seem very different in the intimacy of your bedroom than it did as you saw it from a box.

But perhaps you will not be feeling musical on the day you stay in bed. Then you might invite Jesse Owens, Max Schmeling, John Haynes Holmes, Professor Einstein, or some other famous personage, to come and talk shop to you. It's amazing how much some girls have learned from famous personages.

When you have such guests, arrange beforehand to have a lot of telephone calls come to you, a few telegrams, and at least one shipment of flowers. Arrange the phone conversations so that your guest will hear you talking about a lot of money, a lot of prestige, a lot of glory. Pretend! Pretend! What fun is it to show anybody yourself the way you really are?

Fun in Bed

If you are fortunate enough to get Jesse Owens, Max Schmeling, John Haynes Holmes, and Professor Einstein all in the room at the same time, you might play a game of "Hot Cockles" with them.⁴ Other good games are Hopping on the Bottle; Baste the Bear; French and English; Buck, Buck, How Many Horns do I Hold Up?; Bob Cherry; Jack! Jack! Show a Light; Tom Tiddler's Ground; High Barbaree; What is My Thought Like?; Doutee Stool; Bounce Eye; Conqueror; Long Taw; Picking the Plums; Teetotum Shot; and Walking on Stilts.

There are several good books which list "Games for Two" and which you ought to have at your bedside for an emergency.

Sometimes you can bring your time in bed to a grand climax by planning ahead for days on just where you will go from there. I know one smart woman who had spent nearly two weeks in bed in her fine Park Avenue apartment. Tiring of it slightly, she phoned an expressman

⁴ "One player, with his eyes bandaged, lays his head on a chair or in another player's lap, while the others strike him on his back with their open hands. In this unenviable position he remains until he can guess who strikes him, when the striker takes his place."—Edmund Routledge, *Every Boy's Book*, p. 48.

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when she was ready to get up and, before he had arrived, she sealed herself up in a barrel addressed to her favorite Naturally Honest Young Man. When he opened the barrel his pleased surprise more than compensated her for the trouble she had taken.





MARY JANE BRADLEY JR.

MISS MARY JANE BRADLEY

CHAPTER X

THE NEW GENERATION

FOR the woman who is living alone the problem of child raising¹ is a much more complicated and interesting one than for the

¹ "We are a long way from controlling fertility, if for no other reason than that we don't know and no one else knows what fertility is. If we were able to solve this problem, most of our trouble would be out of the way, because fertility is a big word and it includes every natural phenomenon of Nature. Until we can put some measure on this we cannot control fertility."—Prof. M. F. Barrus, *Potato Growing in California, Agricultural Bulletin 197, Departments of Farms and Markets of the State of New York*, p. 96.

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woman who has divided her interests through sharing her life with a husband. You can readily see the advantages that you have, as a mother, over the conventional ordinary woman. Your child will never have to stand by and be damaged by constant quarreling between you and your husband. You will never have to brave the censure of your mate when you give your son dolls to play with or teach him to recite Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." You can always claim full credit for the miracles which your child performs without having to share that credit with another. You will never have to feel momentary shame while your child looks wonderingly at your husband and asks innocently, "What are daddies for?"

And so if and when the great miracle happens to you, if some morning after the postman has rung twice you find that your child has arrived, you will rejoice.

Unbelievable as it sounds, not all women react in this way to the great revelation. I have had women, living as you are living, come to me with horror in their eyes and sobs in their throats to tell me the news which should make any woman shout with joy, the glorious fact

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that they are about to become mothers. Yet to these it was stark tragedy instead of joy.² But these are women without the new vision, woman who had the Will to Fail, those poor creatures who had given way to lethargy, inertia and the supine position. You with your greater advantages would feel only a sense of triumph.

When the child arrives you will of course announce his advent to the world. Have no false modesty about your achievement. Spread the news as far as possible. Take advantage of every avenue of publicity. If you have heeded all the programs set down in these pages you ought even to be able to make Walter Winchell's column.

With the child actually launched upon the Sea of Life the fascinating job of watching him flower into manhood or womanhood is forecast for you. Your responsibility is great. No time is to be lost. Begin at the start training him to Save Himself for Himself. Teach him early to steal candy from other babies, to say "no" to all reasonable requests and to avoid all entanglements which might lead him eventually to give

² "On me dit une mère et je suis une tombe."—Alfred de Vigny, *La Maison du Berger*.

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of himself to others. If it is a boy minimize his masculinity³ lest in his later years he might want to Trust a Woman and Give Her All.

Subdue in him any tendencies to be a natural, loving extroverted child,⁴ remembering that extroversion is almost sure to lead eventually to entanglements and to a giving of Oneself.

When you come to telling your child about the facts of life lay less stress on the birds, fish and flowers than upon the Worth-Whileness of Self. As time goes on your child will find plenty of poets, gardeners and philosophers from whom to learn about the creation of life, but who but you can teach him by glorious precept and example how to Save Himself for Himself?

Be sure that you never let him see you making a gift to anyone.

Be sure he is not aware of the fact that you sometimes pay your bills.

Never let him be present if some Christmas morning in a burst of generosity you give the

³ "Lipstick and powder too he will . . . use as mother does."
—Ernest R. Groves and Gladys Hoagland Groves, *Sex in Childhood*, p. 50.

⁴ "When such a one does . . . break through into the sunlight of wholesome naturalness he is apt to overdo it and be bold."—*Op. cit.*, p. 60.

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milk man or janitor a dime and wish him Merry Christmas.⁵ And above all (since there is danger here in burdening his innocent mind with possible illusions about the Worth-Whileness of Romance) never let him know if you are ever kind to a man without being adequately compensated for it.⁶

You must of course watch closely the influence of books upon your child. The influence of reading can be tremendous. I think I have shown in these pages how greatly I have been influenced by books that I have read. If reading can have such profound effects upon an adult, how much greater is its power over a child. Be sure that the books you give your child reinforce your own teaching and reflect adequately your own habits.⁷

⁵ "You are extravagant, improvident, shiftless and so simple minded that everybody robs you, cheats you and takes advantage of you."—Robert Briffault, *Sin and Sex*, p. 80.

⁶ "But if he should first knock me down, . . . and compel me at the point of a pistol. . . ."—*Op. cit.*, p. 21.

⁷ "One of the best books for children and families with which I am acquainted—a book which I use daily or almost daily among my own children—has for its first picture a scene whose morality is slightly questionable. I allude to the representation of a venerable old gentleman with a pipe in his mouth smoking. Here is one of the best books of one of our first writers for families and schools. Is he not bound to inculcate by all

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In all of your contacts with your child teach him the technique which has come to you from the Well Springs of your Being. Demonstrate it to him. Show him both in the daily life alone with him and in your contacts with others what it means to Save Yourself for Yourself so that in later years when he is far away from you, perhaps on shore leave in Shanghai or Boulogne, some simple scene will bring back again vividly those scenes and teachings of his childhood and he will gain in stature and prowess from them.⁸

sorts of teaching, especially this most efficient sort, whatsoever is in itself 'pure, lovely and of good report?'—William A. Alcott, *The Mother's Assistant*, April, 1845.

8 "‘I CANNOT STAND THAT.’—And what could not the sailor ‘stand?’ He had stood the beatings of many a storm. Often had he mounted up to heaven, and gone down again into the depths. Many a time had his soul been melted because of trouble. Yet he has rode out the storm; trod the billowy deep boldly, and given his troubles to the winds. But now he meets something which he ‘cannot stand.’ What is it? It is the picture, on the cover of a tract, of a woman teaching a child. ‘O,’ said he, ‘I cannot stand that; it reminds me of my poor dear mother; it is just the way she used to teach me; but she is gone;’ and he burst into tears.

“Mother! there are no human teachings like your own. Call your boy to your side, and give him instructions warm from a mother’s heart. And should that boy break away from his home, and become a rover on the deep, some little incident may recall the scenes of his early years. He, too, may be

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Never be over-modest with your child. Let him learn to know reality. Let him see you and your surroundings as you really are. If he happens by chance to see you as you are about to reminded of his 'poor dear mother,' who used to call him to her side, and tell him about . . . life."—*The Mother's Assistant*, April, 1845.

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step into the bathtub, don't retreat in confusion or cover yourself hurriedly, but wave at him gaily and say lightly, "Never knew Mama was so skinny, did you darling?"

When your child reaches puberty you had best not tell him anything about sex. From what I know of you already he or she will have much better sense about it than you have had and anyway by now you will doubtless have given him up and be acting as though he weren't there, and that will probably be his good luck.



CHAPTER XI



THE TEA-TIME OF LIFE

THE day will come as surely for the woman who is living alone as for the one who lives at the American Woman's Association Club House when, looking in her mirror, she will be forced to say to herself, "I am over forty."¹ It will come for you just as it has come for many another. At first if you are human you will feel a vague sense of loss and regret thinking of your beautiful youth which has slipped away from you, thinking of the days when in the glorious confidence of seventeen you looked into this same mirror and said, "You'll do," thinking of Freddie and Archibald, thinking of a great many things.

¹ That is, if she survives that long.

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By now your children may have left you and you may feel like an Empty Vessel, for often the urge for motherhood becomes stronger at forty than it has ever been in life before. It is nature's favorite little raspberry.

You'll do well at this point to find a young man to mother. Take him freely into your home. Sew on his buttons, even if in order to make this possible you have to tear a few of them off first. Straighten his tie for him. See that the handkerchief in his coat pocket shows just the right amount of linen. Give him a manicure once a week and rub his cough-racked chest with Vicks. Many a woman over forty has gained through this Discipline surcease for the pain which gnaws at breasts that know no longer the touch of a child's lips.²

The age of this child by proxy is not of great importance. For a woman over forty it's a mistake to seek a male companion of her own age. Boys with short trousers and soprano voices are perhaps to be avoided, but young men in their

² "As time passes she will be less and less important to him as a *mother* and her relationship toward him will be governed entirely by the way in which she succeeds or fails."—Sarah Trent, *Woven Over Forty*, pp. 77 f.

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teens³ and early twenties make ideal companions.

In your new relationships with your companions as a woman who has now entered upon the lovely intimate tea-time of life, you must watch yourself carefully. You must control your actions more rigidly than ever, remembering at all times your importance to yourself and to the world.⁴

Especially in your relationship with a young man whom you have taken in to fill the empty spot left by the departure of your children, must you be careful to see that you as well as he respond fully to every change which comes in your progressive relationship.⁵

Even more than the younger woman, the woman who is past forty must watch her clothes carefully if she is to continue to be successful. It may be true as some one has said that "only utter nakedness truly unites us for the first

³ "Many a lad of eighteen has gone out . . . and by the time he is twenty-one has begotten children."—Sarah Trent, *Women Over Forty*, p. 78.

⁴ "In controlling ourselves we are really faced with the problem of controlling the universe."—Charles Francis Potter, *Technique of Happiness*, p. 119.

⁵ "She must stop being primarily a mother."—Sarah Trent, *Women Over Forty*, p. 78.

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time with nature," but what clever woman would give a last year's hat for the privilege of being united with nature? All the things you will want to tie to will be got at much more quickly and effectively by a simple little frock from Bergdorf-Goodman with all that goes with it than by all the wiles practiced in a dozen nudist colonies.

This of course need not always be true. There is a time and a place for everything. Your dress will vary considerably between the times when you entertain your guests at a theatre party and those intimate times among them within the shelter of your own charming apartment.⁶

In choosing your clothes due attention must be given to your special charms for you to reap the rewards of success. Here as elsewhere live "in the present for the future by the past which is our guide." Study the sartorial practices of the great periods in history, for instance the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

⁶ "If, as regards protection, clothes may be said to take over the functions of the house, as regards modesty, our houses obviously to some extent, are able to take the place of clothes. Within our own rooms anyway most of us can divest ourselves of our clothes without feeling immodest."—J. C. Flügel, *The Psychology of Clothes*, p. 83.

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“During the latter Middle Ages and the Renaissance much interest was devoted to the abdominal region, which was made as conspicuous as possible. . . . In the eighteenth century this abdominal emphasis was abandoned (though it subsequently reappeared in a modified form for occasional brief periods), only to give place to an increasing emphasis on the bosom and the hips. The further accentuation of the bosom was achieved by two means; first, the constriction of the waist, for this was a period of rigorous tight lacing, and second by the adoption of high heels. High heels make a great difference to the whole position of the body when standing. They render impossible the protruding abdomen . . . but by the upright carriage that they necessitate they tend to give a corresponding prominence to the bosom.

“Nevertheless, high heels have been retained in our modern post war costumes in spite of an abandonment of the old time accentuation of the breast. This may well be for four reasons: (1) the desire to reduce as far as possible all accentuation of the abdomen; (2) the desire to increase the apparent height (without in-

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creasing the breadth) in pursuance of the youthful ideal; (3) an unconscious phallic symbolism attaching to the heel, a factor which would be in harmony with the adoption of the masculine characteristic of short hair and the general boyishness of line; (4) the desire to make the foot seem smaller.

"The Empire style of dress continued to emphasize the bosom (by its abnormally high waist line) but in all other respects it gave expression to the body as a whole rather than to any part of it. In later fashions, however, interest again became centered first on one part and then upon another. The hips soon again attracted interest, and skirts began to billow enormously in order to accentuate them. The extremely scanty clothing that characterized the turn of the century gave place to a monstrous mass of padding round the legs. Horse hair was usually employed for this purpose. . . . Subsequently the accentuation of the hips gave place to that of the posterior parts, and in the seventies and again in the eighties, women were wearing a creditable imitation of a tail. . . ."

You can readily see what a clever woman can

¹ J. C. Flügel, *The Psychology of Clothes*, pp. 160 f.

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do for herself in the way of dress if only she knows history.

Of course times have changed, as the Communist Manifesto and Franklin D. Roosevelt agree, and in your dress as a modern woman past forty some changes must be made in order to keep pace with the times.⁸

One technique which you can adopt of course is what one might call the second phase of Mary Pickford. Many a woman in later life, especially if she is small, has found great satisfaction in wearing frilly pink and blue party dresses with ruffles and her hair in curls which hang to her shoulders.

You will find too as you grow older that you must learn fully how to rest. There are many way of resting and you must adopt those ways which suit your own personality and needs.⁹

⁸ "The fashions of the last few years have been based upon a certain upward displacement of modesty, an accentuation of the body rather than of modesty, an idealization of youth rather than of maturity, and a displacement of erotic interest from the trunk to the limbs."—*Op. cit.*, p. 162.

⁹ "The problem of resting includes not only sleep in bed at night."—Charles Francis Potter, *Technique of Happiness*, p. 98.

"It would seem that since we pass practically one-third of our existence in bed, common sense would indicate that we should spend that time as advantageously as possible."—*Op. cit.*, p. 100.

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Do not feel that, just because you are past forty, you must spend all of your life at home. Get out, be active, go places, be where there are a lot of people, where a lot of things are happening, and get a lot of fresh air.

Dancing is one of the best relaxations for a woman past forty—especially if she has taken care to provide herself with a Naturally Honest Young Man. Go to night clubs with him. Go to Harlem. Show him that you have Not Forgotten How.¹⁰

¹⁰ "Her head rests upon his shoulder, her face is upturned to his; her naked arm is almost around his neck; her swelling breast heaves tumultuously against his; face to face they whirl, his limbs interwoven with her limbs; with strong right arm about her yielding waist, he presses her to him till every curve in the contour of her lovely body thrills with the amorous contact. Her eyes look into his, but she sees nothing; the soft music fills the room but she hears nothing; swiftly he whirls her from the floor or bends her frail body to and fro in his embrace, but she knows it not; his hot breath is upon her hair, his lips almost touch her forehead, yet she does not shrink; his eyes, gleaming with a fierce, intolerable lust, gloat satyr-like over her, yet she does not quail; she is filled with a rapture divine in its intensity—she is in the maelstrom of burning desire—her spirit is with the gods. . . ."—William Herman, *The Dance of Death*, p. 24.

"This was the manner in which Bacchus and Ariadne danced, which so moved the spectators that, as the old writer tells us, 'they that were unmarried swore they would forthwith marry, and those that were married called instantly for their horses and galloped home to their wives.'"—*Op. cit.*, p. 28.

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Beware of the young man who cannot pay his way and yours. Although, in your program of self-preservation and glorification, you must be constantly on guard to pick your male companions for what they can do for you rather than for themselves, you must avoid the reverse. In other words, don't let him adopt your technique. Make your companions love you and pay the bills. Once you give way to the youthful climber,¹¹ once you begin to pay the bills yourself, once you patronize Ted Peckham and his escorts available for hire, you have raised the white flag of defeat.

¹¹ "The peculiarity of the disease incident to Climbing-Boys has been too often noted in former reports, with authentic medical confirmation of its origin, and fatal consequences, to make it necessary to repeat the statements formerly made on the subject."—*Report of the Society for Superceding the Necessity of Climbing Boys by Encouraging A New Method of Sweeping Chimneys and for Improving the Condition of Children and Others Employed by Chimney Sweepers*, p. 9.



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In all ways aim for the main chance after you have passed forty, just as you did throughout your earlier years, remembering that old age is somewhere ahead of you and that one who consistently Saves Herself for Herself is almost sure to win a peaceful and quiet old age with no one much about to bother her.



CHAPTER XII

HAPPY LANDINGS!



NOW let's take a look back. What have we learned? How have we changed through the reading of the preceding pages and the inauguration of all of their lessons? Reading is fine, but if we have not made the words a part of ourselves through Action we are like rocks or barn doors which throw back echoes meaninglessly.

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The main principle, the basic law which underlies all of the philosophy of our New Vision, is: "Save Yourself for Yourself." In everything you do or think or feel, remember this. If you are one who has failed through living for others in the past, through being considerate and helpful and outreaching, you will Change All That. Serve notice on Mother, Father, Sisters, Brothers, and those who have been your friends (for you aren't going to have any friends after this), that you have entered a new regime and that they are to expect nothing from you. When a friend comes to you with his troubles tell him that you are not interested. Stop feeding the pigeons which light on your window sill and when a cat follows you in from the street, kick it down the stairs.

When anyone asks you to do anything at all for him, give way to inertia, lethargy, the supine position, or, if you move at all, pretend that you are a slow-motion moving picture. But when he offers to do something for you, be like the shutter of a Leika.

There will be times when you will falter. There will be times when you may think wistfully, "It would be so nice to think of someone

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else for just a moment." Don't be deceived. It is only the onset of what psychologists call the Retroversion of the Libido. There is no future in it, and it will pass as soon as you have had a good beauty treatment and a Beauty-Rest sleep. If it does not, you have more than a Retroversion of the Libido. You are a Hypochondriac who has invested his libido in extroversion.

To the Hypochondriac it makes little difference whether the investment will pay or not. He revels in the extension of his own personality which comes through fondness of another, seeing himself in the object of his attentions, and continuing in his illness through hell and high water, getting nowhere. There are many famous examples of these, David and Jonathan, Hero and Leander, Dante and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet. All were Hypochondriacs, those who had so far departed from the magic formula, "Save Yourself for Yourself," that they subordinated themselves to their devotion to one another. The great patriots, men who have died for their countries, the great scientists, who have given their lives to Science—all are Hypochondriacs who so completely lost their sense

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of perspective that they forgot to Save Themselves for Themselves and went in for extroversion.

Shut your eyes to every unpleasant truth¹ about the way others are living. If someone tells you that men, and even women, sometimes sleep (or try to) in the parks on cold nights, laugh in his face gayly and say, "What an amusing experience!" Then ask him whether he will have Whey-Whig or Ovaltine to drink. If anyone brings up the fact that hundreds of men died from Silicosis while digging just one little tunnel, tell him brightly, "That's what they deserved for going into the nasty dark place!" If a man on the street asks you for a dime to help him find a place to sleep, direct him haughtily to the Waldorf, unless he is a very

¹ "Those who think themselves capable of facing the raw reality of life however unseemly and unpalatable it may at first flush appear because of traditional attitudes that assume an innocence and virtue where in the nature of the case they cannot and do not exist, must be willing to think of the erotic urge as vitally alive even in earliest infancy, undifferentiated in texture, amoral in direction, innocently incestuous, perverse in the sense that it does not reckon with the ceremonial taboos of morally intimidated adults."—Samuel D. Schmalhausen, *Sex in Civilization*, p. 373.

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attractive young man, in which case use your own judgment about where he ought to sleep.

Success lies ahead of you! I am so sure of it! I have such faith in you!

Already I have seen the Work of Reconstruction going on about me as a result of this book, even while it has been in the process of writing. My stenographer, after she had typed the first nine chapters, did what she had wanted all her life to do: she quit me, left me flat, and started to swim around Manhattan Island. So far she



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has not returned to her starting point. So I have had to type the last three chapters myself, which has been all to the good, for it has further convinced me of my own importance. The superintendent of the apartment building in which I live, after reading in manuscript my chapter on furnishing an apartment, has fitted



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himself up the most darling little nest back of the boiler, which you could ever hope to see. It is an exact replica of my own bedroom, and you've no idea what satisfaction it has brought him. The milkman, after reading *Gone with the Wind* (I mean my chapter, not the book), rings the backdoor bell every morning and says cooly to me, "No violet vinegar for me this morning?" My neighbor's grandfather, having read all of the manuscript, took a Coney Island steamer and persuaded the captain to sail for Harlem. Neither has been heard of since. I hope you will do things like that!

And so my good wishes go with you!

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The score is in 2/4 time and features various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'Ritard.' and '>'.

1. Hy-ho! Lit-tle flower, flourish and blos - som! Let thy bud in

Ritard.

beauty break, Let thy fragrant sweetness wake! Hy-ho! Little flower, flourish and blossom.

A VERY INTIMATE WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

This is Your Book. I have written it with each and every one of you personally and individually in mind. I have wanted it to mean much to you. But my task is only half done, now that I have written the final word. In the other half you must help me. The book is not complete until you have read it. So you will, Dear Reader, really co-operate with me, won't you?

Do not let respect for the book or for me keep you from making actual use of it. If you need a door stop, buy four or five extra copies of WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT and use them in the package just as they come from the publisher. If you find your face covered with cold cream some night and no Kleenex handy, tear out a few pages of WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT. After you have used them in this way you can frame them and pretend they are pages out of an old manuscript Book of Hours.

There is quite a little white space around

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every page of type. Use it to draw pictures for your children. Then give it to the children who will draw pictures over the type too. It will be a better book for this. When enough of the pages are actually obliterated, order another copy from your bookseller, for who knows on what night you may again run out of Kleenex?

Simply reading any book is not enough. You can make an excellent cigarette box out of it by pasting all the pages together and, with a sharp knife, cutting a box-like receptacle out of the center of it, leaving only the cover intact in order to close the box. Individual pages are also good to use for stuffing up small holes in the window panes on cold nights.

Use the book in every way you can think of. Wear it out as soon as you can and buy another. If you buy enough of them, I shall feel that I have Not Failed.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The anonymous author of *WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT* has been considered unusual all her life. In fact she was a mean little brat even when she was three years old, when she was found by her mother trying to give the cat a fashionable, stream-lined tail by pulling out all of the tail hairs one at a time. She has had four husbands, all of whom she has disposed of in one way or another, and, for the past three years has been living in her own apartment with no other name on her mail box.

She is now something or other under thirty and says that she would not go back to any other way of living for all the men in Congress. That is because she has learned to apply to herself the formula she has here given the world, and because she doesn't like Congressmen.

Her other works include *Life Begins with Father*, still in manuscript form because the publisher has not yet dared to read it, fearing the effect it may have upon him and his family life.

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She is now at work upon a new book, the contents of which she refuses to divulge. The office switchboard girl, however, to whom the publisher goes for all important information about his own business, has divulged that the title of the new book is to be, *Be Glad You're Erotic.*



The Publishers of WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT have also issued the following books of Philosophy, Psychology, Physiology, and Furniture Arrangement:

AFTER SEX WHAT? *Edited by Slater Brown, Kenneth Burke, and Matthew Josephson*

Whither are we going, alone or together? AFTER SEX WHAT? tries awfully hard to tell you

\$2.00

SEX IN CIVILIZATION. *Edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen*

Are married couples civilized? It remains an open question, even after you have read SEX IN CIVILIZATION.

\$5.00

SEX IN CHILDHOOD, *by Ernest R. Groves and Gladys Hoagland Groves*

This book will tell you all about the strange things in your own childhood which have made it necessary for you to wake up alone.

\$2.00

SEX IN MARRIAGE, *by Ernest R. Groves and Gladys Hoagland Groves*

You may never need this book. Still—you never can tell. One woman, after reading WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT went right out and married the corner newsboy.

\$2.00

TECHNIQUE OF HAPPINESS, *by Reverend Charles Francis Potter*

Now that you have made the Disciplines in WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT a part of yourself, you are all set for happiness. Dr. Potter's book will furnish you with a necessary technique.

\$2.00

WHY WE MISBEHAVE, *by Samuel D. Schmalhausen*

Dr. Schmalhausen's "Psycho-Sexual Inventory" is almost as important to your peace of mind as the test in WAKE UP ALONE AND LIKE IT. WHY WE MISBEHAVE will explain you to yourself.

\$3.00

EX-HUSBAND

The tragic story of a young man who had to wake up alone and who didn't like it.

\$0.75

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